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The Shape of Things

THE LONDON CONFERENCE OPENS IN AN atmosphere heavy with prospects of stalemate. Relations between Russia and the West have worsened rapidly since the Foreign Ministers deadlocked in Moscow, last April. There, the impact of the Truman Doctrine, announced just before the conference began, flattened out whatever conciliatory impulses the Russian leaders may have had—and a few such were reliably reported at the start. Today, American policy has been stiffened, in Russian eyes, by our insistence on the United Nations Balkan commission and by the "imperialist" purposes concealed in the Marshall Plan. On the other side, America has set to work to resist the Communist offensive with every political weapon at its command, in the U. N. and in every country where Russian interests clash with ours. This will be reflected in London, to complicate the issues left unresolved last spring. Moscow's plan for a centralized Germany is still in sharp conflict with the British-American plan for a federated German state and the French plan for a loose union of states. Russian and French proposals for international control of the Ruhr run directly counter to the program of the Ruhr's present rulers, which anticipates full German management under Anglo-American top direction. The old clashes on reparations are sure to recur. And over the whole debate will hang the vast uncertainty created by the Marshall Plan. If Congress comes through with even the first instalment of the proposed twenty-odd billions, Western Europe, including Western Germany, will be more or less insulated against Communist activities and Russian influence; whereas a Europe losing ground economically and denied adequate financial help from America will listen more willingly to Moscow's plans for coordinated Continental trade based on bilateral agreements. With the Marshall Plan still in the laps of the Congressional gods, the Foreign Ministers can do relatively little. For all of us must know that the future of Europe is being decided, not in London, but in Washington.

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EXCLUSIVE OF THE COST OF FOOD IMPORTS and emergency aid, western Germany will receive some $2,200,000,000 during the next four years if General Clay's estimates, published last week, are accepted; the money will be used, under the terms of the Marshall program, for industrial rehabilitation. These estimates, it seems, are not new. They were confidentially submitted to the sixteen-nation conference in Paris, presumably after the premature publication of the plan to raise the level of German production had thrown the Western representatives into a state of alarm and provided the Eastern group with their best reason for boycotting the conference and the Marshall Plan. What the conference thought of the proposed donation is not reported. Obviously, the idea of appropriating more than two billion dollars for "our" zones of Germany is acceptable only if the money is used in ways which will contribute directly to the recovery of Europe as a whole and particularly of countries which were overrun by Hitler. Under no circumstances should it be pumped into businesses operated for private profit; American taxpayers' dollars can be put to better purposes than providing dividends for German industrialists and bankers. Any profits resulting from American contributions to the Marshall Plan should be used to take Germany off the relief rolls and restore its productive capacity within the boundaries set by the governing powers. All this adds up to one simple proposition: that German big industry, in so far as it is to be revived, should be socialized—owned and run by public corporations under Allied control. This obvious formula for preventing the birth of a new crop of fascist-minded German capitalists is, unfortunately, not likely to be applied by a nation which has just turned the Ruhr coal mines over to Germans to run while forbidding nationalization for at least five years. By the end of that time, the old system, supported by American funds, may again be firmly intrenched. Thus, like a feeble-minded child, history repeats itself.

*

LEON BLUM MADE A VALIANT EFFORT TO rally a "third force" for the defense of Republican institutions, but his uncompromising opposition to the extremists of both right and left led to his defeat. Where he failed, Robert Schuman, a veteran member of the Catholic M. R. P., has succeeded, though the government he has formed would seem to be precariously based. It includes representatives of all parties except the Communists and Gaullists, which makes it a very heterogeneous body. The new Premier's problems are illustrated by the difficulties he encountered in filling the key Ministry of Finance. His first choice for this post, Paul Reynaud, the Prime Minister of 1940, was vetoed

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by the Socialists, who objected because of his well-known view that the way to deal with the desperate economic situation was a return to orthodox financial policies. Similar opposition to René Mayer, the final choice, was overcome only when Schuman agreed that his program would be based on a compromise with Socialist principles. The struggle between *dirigisme*—economic planning—and free enterprise is clearly destined to continue inside the Cabinet. Yet decisions cannot be long postponed. France is being paralyzed by a wave of strikes which, even if they are promoted to forward Communist political ends, tend to gain support because of genuine discontent with wages that have lagged far behind the cost of living. Some concessions will have to be made to the workers, but a new general advance in wages can only result in still greater inflation unless really drastic steps are taken to check profiteering and unlock hoards of goods and foreign currencies. It seems unlikely that a weak government, wavering uncertainly between the principles of socialism and free enterprise, will prove capable of freeing France from the vicious economic circle in which it is unhappily imprisoned.

*

GENERAL BENNETT E. MEYERS APPEARS TO have been guilty of every crime of malfeasance a general in war time is capable of committing. He speculated in war bonds, at a profit of $90,000; while acting as a procurement officer in the Army Air Forces, he not only owned aviation stock but was the secret organizer of a company which received juicy war contracts and charged the government $44.58 for fuse boxes worth $11. He covered his tracks by the use of devices as grotesque as they were revolting. It would be hard to invent three characters as unbelievable and as shoddy as "Bennie" Meyers, Bleriot Lamarre, and his wife, the general's secretary; while the fact that the plot was played out in the higher reaches of the A. A. F. during World War II is so fantastic that it is no wonder the testimony before the Senate War Investigating Committee, much of it obviously made up of shabby lies and counter-lies, has read like a monstrous joke. Indictments will follow—the "clever" General Meyers is open to at least seven charges, including war fraud, perjury, subornation of perjury, and bribery—but no one will ever explain why Lamarre settled for so little and why "Benny" Meyers's fellow-generals were so convinced of his "integrity." The only reassuring aspects of the sordid affair are that it has been exposed and that Meyers had to resort to such elaborate maneuvers to hide his crimes—which would indicate at least that they were not common practice among generals. Yet the story stands. It is not likely that the disabled veterans who sat through the recital will forget it—or General Arnold's tears wipe out a word of it.

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THANKS TO THREE PERSISTENT LAWYERS and a small but vigorous sector of the press, the State Department has been saved from committing an inexcusable breach of justice, not to say decency. Two weeks ago, seven of its former employees stood condemned as "potential security risks." Confronted by no statement of charges, denied all chance to defend themselves, and deprived of the right of appeal, they faced the drastic penalty of joblessness without having enjoyed those legal guaranties which any backwoods magistrate would grant a burglar caught cracking a safe. Paul Porter, Abe Fortas, and Thurman Arnold, their attorneys, appealed to the department either to give the seven a fair hearing or to let them resign, a modest request but one that Assistant Secretary Lovett arbitrarily turned down. Bombarded by the press—most effectively, we think, by the New York *Herald Tribune*—Secretary Marshall last week sent the department into a sudden reverse. Not only have the seven been allowed to resign "without prejudice," but employees who, in the future, find themselves similarly condemned are assured an appeal to the newly established Loyalty Review Board. We are not satisfied that full justice has been done in the case of the seven, who have still been fired without a hearing, but the department's about-face is encouraging. We take it as a sign that, even in the present heated atmosphere, high-handed officials may be held within bounds by determined citizens and vigilant newspapers.

*

FOR REPRESENTATIVE HOFFMAN OF Michigan, the press is apparently too vigilant. Protected by Congressional immunity, that gentleman can and frequently does blast away at any of his fellow-citizens with whom he finds himself in disagreement. But from now on, any writer who returns the fire by way of the public press may find himself summoned to Capitol Hill to explain himself to the gentleman from Michigan. "Every time one of these papers charges a committee of Congress of which I am chairman of unfair or disreputable conduct or something of that kind," he warns, "the writer of that article, if I can find him, is going to be called up to justify his charge." Writers for the Washington *Star* and the Washington *Post* have already been called for questioning before Mr. Hoffman's private bar of justice. The Congressman, a savage opponent of the New Deal, always struck us as at least a defender of the rights of the individual business man against the encroachments of government, but he appears to take a different view where his own branch of government is concerned. We know of absolutely no right under the Constitution or the law whereby a Congressman may summon citizens to Washington to account for criticisms of their representatives. We suspect Hoffman knows of none, either, or he would not have added the remark that "if that's wrong, well, it will have to be wrong." It is high time the courts made clear to the Hoffmans of Capitol Hill that they are the paid servants of the people and not their judges.

*

IN THE END, THE SPANISH RESOLUTION adopted by the General Assembly was watered down to suit the taste of the American delegation. In the Political Committee, the nations opposed to the single surviving fascist state in Europe had scored an important victory (commented on last week by Mr. del Vayo) by forcing through a vote reaffirming the anti-Franco resolution of last December and asking the Security Council to continue to exercise vigilance in a situation whose gravity had not diminished. This was accomplished in the face of open American opposition. In the plenary session, the paragraph reaffirming the Assembly's previous action failed by one vote to get the required two-thirds. Primary credit for this small service to Franco goes to Carlos Romulo. In one of the most cynical performances any assembly of serious people ever witnessed, the Philippine delegate voted "no" on the critical paragraph about an hour after declaring publicly and oratorically his decision to reverse the negative vote he had cast in the Political Committee and support the resolution. By that single switched vote, procured no one quite knows how, the second paragraph met defeat. But even after this sorry exhibition of back-tracking, the effect of last year's decision is legally unimpaired. This was promptly pointed out by Dr. Oscar Lange who, immediately after the vote, rushed to the platform to remind the Assembly that the resolution of last December, not having been rescinded, remained in force. This view was challenged by only one delegate, the verbose Sr. Arce of Argentina, whose government long ago showed its contempt for the Assembly by sending a new Ambassador to Madrid.

Beacon or Monument?

MANY of the mutual tariff concessions embodied in the twenty-three-nation "General Agreement on Trade and Tariffs," negotiated at Geneva, will become formally effective on January 1, 1948, but it will be years before we can assess its practical results. Today, it is not tariff walls that are impending the entry of American goods into other lands: it is the almost universal shortage of dollars. Nor is it existing American tariffs that prevent a large expansion of imports into this country: it is rather the inability of foreign producers to meet demand. Until these conditions change, the main objective of the agreement—the growth of profitable multilateral trade among nations—cannot be realized.

A question raised by some skeptics is whether that objective can ever be realized, whether the agreement

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will not prove merely a massive monument to a dead economic system. In support of their doubts, they point to the ever-growing network of bilateral trade pacts, not only between Russia and the states in its bloc but between the Western nations. They observe that devices abhorrent to the whole spirit of the Geneva meeting, such as quotas and discriminatory deals of various sorts, are being more and more widely adopted. On the very day that the agreement was published, Canada, one of the strongest advocates of the principle of multi-lateralism, announced that reduction of its dollar reserves necessitated a quota system specifically designed to check imports from the United States.

The discrepancy between the precepts of the Geneva pact and the current practices of many of the signatory nations was not blithely ignored by the draftsmen of that instrument. On the contrary, it was their knowledge of the new barriers to world trade that were constantly arising which spurred them on. They knew that such barriers could not be swept away in a day, that they were essential defenses for many nations whose international trade positions had been knocked out of kilter by the war. But they wanted to insure, if possible, that post-war emergency measures did not become frozen into a permanent pattern.

With this end in view, the general clauses of the new agreement include the prohibition, in principle, of a number of practices that offset tariff reductions and vitiate any system of free, multilateral trade. Thus provision is made for equal tax treatment of imported articles, for the regulation of anti-dumping duties, for common standards in customs valuations, and so forth. Of still greater importance are the bans placed on trade quotas and on the discriminatory treatment of imports from different nations.

However, these bans are not absolute. They could not be, for no nation would be willing to sign away its right to adopt quotas in emergencies. But the agreement does provide that nations availing themselves of this right will follow definite rules and procedures. So if France, say, wishes to restrict imports by imposing quotas in order to safeguard its balance-of-payments position, it must consult with other countries affected and with the International Monetary Fund. The Fund, also, is accepted as the ultimate authority in all findings of fact relating to balance-of-payment problems. Again, the agreement seeks to insure that, when discriminatory quotas are permitted, it will be on a temporary basis. It therefore provides that, after March 1, 1952, nations will annually review their economic positions, and, if balance-of-payment difficulties have ceased to exist, will end discriminations within six months.

These are just a few examples of the way in which the agreement tries to reconcile current necessities with the ideal of unrestricted freedom of world trade. Whether the long-term optimism which inspires it will be justified depends on present efforts to promote recovery in Europe and Asia. If these succeed, and the lop-sided state of the world economy is corrected, history may record that the Geneva agreement of 1947 was not a monument to the past but a beacon for the future.

Who's on the Spot?

THERE seems to be a disposition in some quarters to regard President Truman's anti-inflation proposals as nothing more than a mean trick designed to embarrass the Republican Party. Cries of anguish from G. O. P. leaders in Congress were to be expected as a matter of course, but we were surprised to find the detached Walter Lippmann referring to the rationing and price-control recommendations as a "partisan monkey wrench." The President, he writes, played the statesman in his appeal for aid to Europe, but "on inflation, he was, alas, the politician and the candidate trying to put the other party in a hole."

This analysis, it seems to us, is, at best, wide of the mark and, in any case, irrelevant. The argument is that if the Republican-controlled Congress gives the President the powers he asks, he will be credited by the voters with whatever benefits ensue and the Republicans will only have confessed to the grave error of having killed the OPA in the first place. If they reject the proposals, on the other hand, and prices remain in the stratosphere, as they are likely to, the Republicans will be at an even greater disadvantage before the electorate.

What this interpretation overlooks is that the Republican Party is already "in a hole" as far as prices are concerned. Its leaders said repeatedly and emphatically last year that, if only the OPA were abolished, prices would come down and free enterprise would take care of everything. But since the middle of 1946, as the President pointed out in his message to Congress, the over-all cost of living has gone up 23 per cent, with retail food prices 40 per cent higher than in the days of the OPA. It was evident in this month's elections that the Republican tide of 1946 had already ceased to run, a phenomenon that can only be attributed to the monumental blunder of the Tafts and Wherrys in lifting the lid on inflation. What Mr. Truman has actually done, then, is to give his opponents a second chance. They ought to be grateful instead of crying "politics."

It may be argued, moreover, that if the Republicans really believe controls would be ineffective, it is they who can put the President on the spot rather than the other way round. Indeed, some of them appear to be flirting with this notion. Senator Taft himself, for example, has suggested that "it might be better for Congress to give the President the power which he demands.

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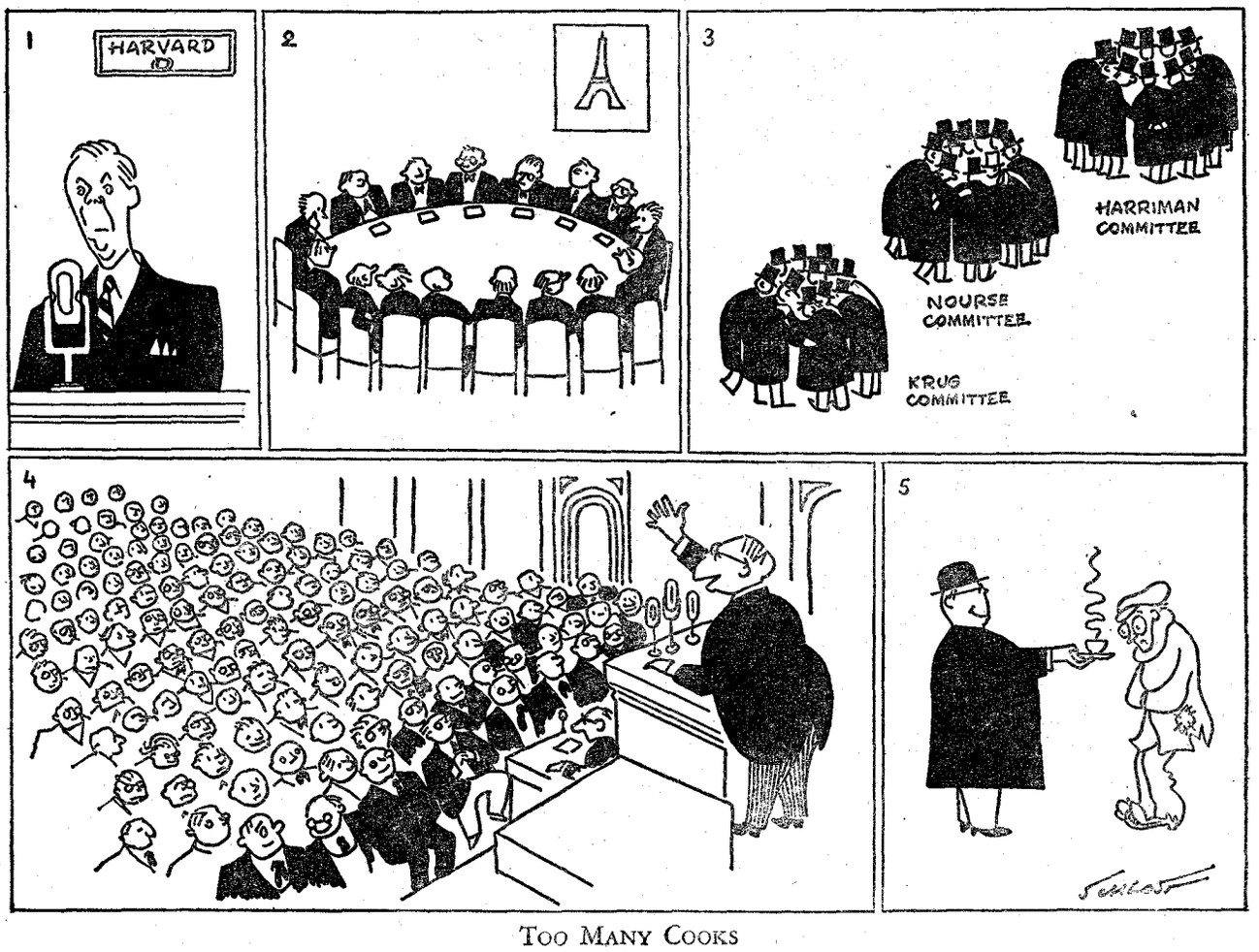
. . . It could only result in failure and a revolt of public opinion against any man who is trying to enforce the law." And another party stalwart talked darkly of letting Mr. Truman "stew in his own juice." The truth is that the President has made himself especially vulnerable, in a political sense, by the particular formula he proposed. Congress would merely authorize him to apply price ceilings in "a relatively few danger spots." It would be entirely up to him to decide which commodities were to be affected and when. Thus the entire burden of applying the power would be on him; he would have to produce results in an election year—or else.

This interpretation obviously points to the conviction that the President, having no ulterior political motive, genuinely wants the program he outlined to Congress. And it is at this point that his opponents logically, if uncharitably, recall his comment of a few weeks ago to the effect that price controls are characteristic of the police state. That was an extraordinarily inept remark, which may now do his cause untold harm and for which there is no defense. We can only conclude that, since he made it, the President has been severely jolted by the reports he has seen and the cogent arguments of certain of his advisers. Elsewhere in this issue, the reader may put himself in the President's place by reading a few of the findings of several Congressional committees, cited in the article by I. F. Stone. When it is remembered that these reports were drawn up by Republicans, devoted to the freest of free enterprise, it will be all the more understandable that the President should have reversed himself. Some of these Republicans are themselves shocked at the appearance of fabulous profits and the simultaneous emergence of new sectors of acute want in the population. In consequence, as Mr. Stone points out, a growing number are in rebellion against the moth-eaten bourbonism of the Taft leadership.

On top of these reports, Mr. Truman is reliably reported to have experienced strong pressure from his own political family. If it was the voice of the Forrestals, Snyders, and Andersons that spoke in the "police-state" pronouncement a few weeks ago, it is that of the Hannegans, Schwellenbachs, and McGraths that prevails today, backed up by the dire warnings of the President's Economic Committee.

In the last analysis, however, the request for power to impose limited controls, as well as the milder anti-inflation devices suggested by the President, must not be argued on the basis of either campaign tactics or individual motives. They form the minimum domestic program needed to support a genuine policy of European rehabilitation—a policy so obviously appealing that it has won the tribute of lip-service, at least, from the whole section of American opinion that lies between the Chicago *Tribune* and the *Daily Worker*.



TOO MANY COOKS

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The G. O. P. Discovers Poverty

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, November 20

LAST summer two subcommittees of the Joint Congressional Committee on the Economic Report held field hearings on the price situation, one in the East, the other in the Middle West. Each of these subcommittees had a Republican chairman. The one which toured the East was under the chairmanship of Senator Flanders of Vermont, an intelligent, liberal business man in the machine-tools industry. The one which toured the Middle West was under George H. Bender, Republican Congressman-at-large from Ohio.

Their reports indicate why there is dissatisfaction inside Republican ranks with the dogmatic and demagogic position taken by Senator Taft in opposition to all but the most minor and least controversial aspects of the President's anti-inflationary program. This dissatisfaction must not be overestimated politically. Taft is the most powerful single figure in Republican Congressional councils. The revolt against him is covert, marginal, and confused, and since the Democrats in Congress, and even within the Cabinet itself, are not united behind the Truman price-control program, there is little doubt that Taft will succeed in his campaign to commit the party to foreign aid in principle but to block the domestic measures needed to make it fully effective. But by next spring, after new wage increases, some strikes, and a poor winter-wheat crop, there may be a different story.

With the Flanders and Bender reports it is useful to examine the preliminary reports of the House Special Committee on Foreign Aid, known by the name of its active vice-chairman, Christian A. Herter (Rep., of Massachusetts). The reports of the Herter committee deal with the immediate crises in France and Italy and with the availability of coal, steel, fertilizer, petroleum, and grain for foreign relief. The Flanders, Bender, and Herter reports, taken together, provide a vivid picture of the contradictions, economic and political, which hobble the efforts of a society which is at once capitalist and democratic to protect itself and its allies at one of the turning-points of history. They demonstrate that the crisis with which the special session has been called upon to deal is as much a domestic as a foreign crisis; that the planning which free-enterprise forces so strongly resist could do much to alleviate this crisis; and that the problem of meeting emergency needs abroad is inextricably linked with that of expanding basic capacity here so as to maintain full employment.

The Herter reports reflect the strategy of American big business and finance, but the Flanders and Bender reports reflect the impact of inescapable facts and democratic pressures at home on some of the more thoughtful younger Republicans. There is an air of naive surprise about the Flanders report, for this subcommittee's wanderings became a voyage of discovery. The discovery was of the reemergence of a desperate poverty in the midst of an unparalleled boom, a poverty created by soaring prices and coupled with a rate of profit so high as to shock even Republicans.

"WE HAVE found," the Flanders report says, "that important information is concealed in the averages with which the statistics deal." The information is that a "substantial part" of the American people "is not enjoying an adequate standard of living under present circumstances," that "the high average consumption of such things as meat conceals both serious waste at one end of the scale and undernourishment at the other." The Flanders subcommittee found that food prices have gone so high as to "limit . . . purchases of clothing and other necessities of life" by a "substantial group," among which are not only Negroes and those normally thought of as the more poorly paid but many white-collar workers, including "teachers, social workers in general, and the younger clergymen." The report adds, in a tone of muffled thunder, "The pressure toward radical economic and social doctrine on these important groups must be strong indeed."

The danger, as these Republicans found it, was more than ideological. "There is danger," the Flanders report says, "that the reduction of the proportion of income available for commodities other than food may have a disruptive effect on our whole economy." Nervously the subcommittee realized that there was some connection between this danger and current profits. It comforted itself with computations which show that although food-industry profits are extraordinarily high in terms of net worth, they take only a minor part of the average consumer's dollar.

These computations may not comfort the consumer as easily as they did the committee; one company cited, while it was making only 3.6 cents on the sales dollar, was earning 59 cents before taxes and 36 cents after taxes on each dollar of its net worth. This is profit with a capital P, and there is more than coincidence between such profit and the new proletariat uncovered by the committee. Even the committee, after its sales-dollar computations, says there are areas in food, textiles, clothing, and consumer durables "in which profits will not so easily withstand public scrutiny." The committee hastens to add apologetically that "in questioning prices

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at this time we are going contrary to the spirit of the free-enterprise system." It pleads in extenuation that "at this particular time in the world's history, with the overwhelming importance of inflation both for our present safety and the present safety of the world, we have reached a period in which both wages and profits take on an aspect of public interest which is abnormal." From a Republican source this is quite a plea.

THE growing distress at the bottom of American society and the rash and greedy profits being drawn at the top are likewise reflected in the Bender report. This also spells out one of the basic dilemmas in which the American economy finds itself. It both needs and fears abnormal requirements abroad for its goods. The Bender subcommittee says that the business men who appeared before it expressed "deep and genuine concern over price rises, although"—and this is a graphic qualification—"their testimony may not have struck the same personal note" as that of the low-income groups. The business men "were fearful that an acceleration of the inflationary spiral would hurl us into economic chaos"—a general fear, be it noted, which does not prevent most business men from fighting effective control.

But while abnormal demand from abroad on top of full employment at home threatens disaster, disaster is also feared from cessation of this abnormal demand. "It is recognized," the Bender report says, "that the wheat supply-and-demand situation is such that if foreign shipments were not being made at the present time the bottom would literally drop out of wheat prices." This would "soon result in lower dairy and poultry and meat prices." A downward spiral might thus be set in motion throughout the economy. This makes it easier to understand the Bender subcommittees conclusion that "despite an inflationary pressure we cannot and should not refuse requests from abroad based on humanitarian appeals." It adds, *"Especially in view of the United States bumper wheat crop* and the short European crop we should undertake emergency shipments of food and fuel this winter." The italics are mine; the humanitarianism is Bender's.

Is Atom Control Obsolete?

BY LEONARD ENGEL

DURING the past few months atomic energy's promise of boundless prosperity has been more and more obscured by the atomic arms race and the mounting fear of an atomic war. Nevertheless, with every passing day new possibilities are opening up for the use of the atom as a source of power. The latest is offered by a new kind of atomic pile, based on the fission of plutonium by fast neutrons, recently completed at the Los Alamos atomic laboratory.

The new Los Alamos pile, the eighth to go into operation in the United States, will make possible smaller, more compact atomic-power plants. It also points toward a new, extremely economical atomic-energy process fueled by thorium, which is three times as abundant in nature as uranium.

Its promise is wrapped up in the phrase, "fast neutrons." And I am afraid it will take some explaining to make clear why a fast-neutron pile is of such great economic and political importance. The key to atomic power and the atom bomb is the neutron, a tiny particle which is one of the fundamental constituents of the atom. Neutrons make up half or more of the central parts or nuclei of all atoms except hydrogen and are responsible for the energy-producing miracle of fission. The nuclei of uranium 235 atoms, for example, when struck by neutrons, are shattered, and some of their "binding energy" appears as heat. The shattering of the nuclei also releases additional neutrons, which cause other U-235 nuclei to undergo fission in turn; and so on in a swift chain reaction.

U-235, plutonium, and one or two other materials of lesser importance are extremely unstable and may be shattered by slow, low-energy neutrons. In fact, all piles so far built except the new one at Los Alamos operate on slow neutrons and have "moderators" to slow neutrons down lest an undesirable side reaction take place. Now, materials fissionable by slow neutrons are by no means the only ones with potentially useful binding energy. Binding energy is locked away in all heavy elements, such as gold or lead. But these elements are comparatively stable and can be shattered only by fast, high-energy neutrons.

The energy of neutrons is measured by a unit titled formally the M. E. V. and informally the "crocodile"—a humorous tribute to the late Lord Rutherford, the British atomic pioneer, whose booming voice warned students he was coming as the ticking of the watch swallowed by the crocodile in "Peter Pan" warned the crocodile's intended victims. An M. E. V., or crocodile,

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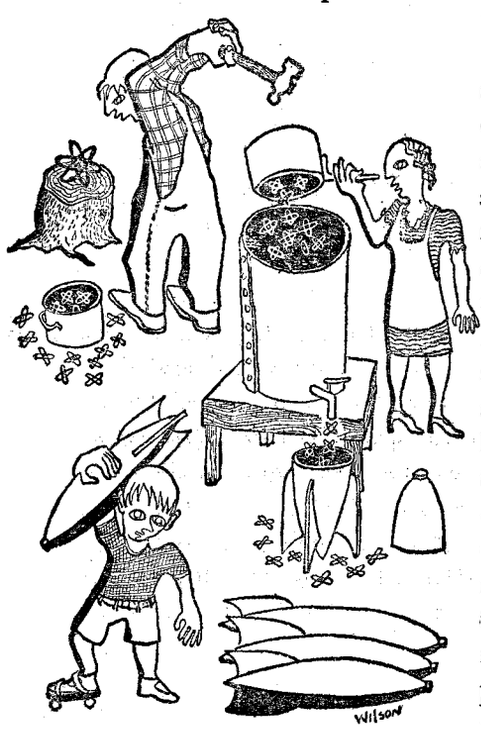
is a million electron-volts. U-235 and plutonium are fissionable by neutrons with energy as low as a forty-millionth of a crocodile. Fission of gold, on the other hand, requires neutrons of at least seven crocodiles.

The new Los Alamos pile generates fast neutrons with energy of about one crocodile. This is plainly not enough to split atoms of gold. But it may be adequate to tap the energy of thorium, for the fissionability threshhold of thorium has been found to be 1.1 crocodile or less.

BY ITSELF this fact—that pile-generated fast neutrons are probably powerful enough to crack thorium—does not guarantee a new atomic-energy process. A chain reaction is a compound of several factors, of which the energy of the neutrons is only one. In addition, fission of thorium must release *enough* neutrons, and thorium must absorb *enough* neutrons, to keep the reaction going. No one can be certain that thorium meets these requirements, for its properties have still to be thoroughly investigated; during the war atomic-energy research was overwhelmingly concentrated on uranium and plutonium. However, thorium resembles uranium and plutonium in the properties that have to do with neutron production and fast-neutron absorption. Thus the outlook for atomic energy from fission of thorium by fast neutrons is bright.



In recent months thorium has been mentioned frequently as a potential fuel for atomic piles. This refers to a proposal to make uranium 233, which resembles U-235, from thorium, just as plutonium is made from uranium 238 in the great piles at Hanford, Washington. One day U-233 will doubtless be made as a by-product of atomic-power production, but fast-neutron fission of thorium itself would be much cheaper.

Before saying more about atomic energy from thorium, I want to touch on the other promise of fast neutrons. As mentioned above, all piles save the new Los Alamos unit employ a moderator—bricks of highly purified graphite in most American piles and heavy water in the Canadian government pile at Chalk River, Ontario; and both heavy water and highly purified graphite are expensive. Hence the fast neutron pile, which has no moderator, is simpler and less costly.

This brings us to an important point. In the endless debates over atomic energy, figures are often presented to show that atomic power will not be economical. The basis of these figures, so far as they have any, is the production process used by the United States during the war, without any allowance for new developments. But new developments that promise incredibly cheap power are already in prospect, at least at the level of "pure" science. The fast neutron pile, though far and away the most important, is only one. If no atomic-power plant is in operation in 1950, it will not be for want of scientific knowledge. It will be the result of politics—of the long-drawn-out fight over the Atomic Energy Act and Lilienthal's chairmanship of the Atomic Energy Commission—of industry's lack of interest in non-military atomic research, and of our continuing preoccupation with the development and manufacture of weapons.

TO RETURN to thorium. Like uranium and plutonium, thorium is a metal. It is nearly as abundant as lead. Every country has an ample supply of ore. Thorianite (65 per cent thorium), the richest thorium ore, is found principally in Ceylon. Monazite sand, which used to be mined extensively for thorium for gas mantles, is found in India, Brazil, Australia, Malaya, and the United States. Other important thorium ores occur in the Belgian Congo, Madagascar, Norway, and the U. S. S. R. And every ton of granite, one of the world's most common rocks, contains between one-third and two-thirds of an ounce of nuclear fuel—mostly thorium, but with some uranium—an amount that is certainly capable of economical extraction, since gold, a less valuable material, has long been profitably taken from ores in which it assays only half an ounce a ton. Workable thorium ores are far more widely distributed than workable ores of uranium.

As a matter of fact, the wide distribution of thorium, coupled with the fact that it is as easily made into bombs as into power plants, raises a vital question with regard to international controls. A few weeks ago the American Association of Scientific Workers presented to the United Nations a memorandum on biological warfare which pointed out that "BW," potentially even more destructive than the atom bomb, is inherently incapable of control. The raw materials of biological war are everywhere, and the basic techniques are known to every biologist. Only peace can provide security against it.

This is equally true of the atom bomb, for a control plan is essentially a device, and no device, however foolproof it seems, can take the place of what is in the hearts of men. If men really work for peace, no control plan

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will be necessary; if they don't, in the end no techno-legal scheme will save them. Sooner or later new discoveries are bound to upset the technical considerations underlying any control scheme. This may already be happening to the Baruch plan as a result of the discovery of controllable fast-neutron fission.

The Baruch plan calls for control of thorium mining, but its real basis is the monopoly of technical "know-how" and of high-grade uranium ores by an international atomic authority. No monopoly of knowledge, however, has ever endured, and the uranium-ore monopoly is being chipped away before it is established. It will be immeasurably more difficult to keep a watch on the world's thorium resources than on its uranium ores. Instead of a dozen mine sites, the authority will have to watch hundreds; instead of a regiment of inspectors, it will need an army. It seems to me it would make more sense to work for settlement of our differences with Russia. Then we could put away the bombs and the fear of atomic war, and take advantage of the fast-neutron pile—and the other opportunities which scientific advance offers to mankind—for the purposes of peace.

Italy's New Fascists

BY MARIO ROSSI

[*Left-wing rioters in Italy are attacking fascist and near-fascist meetings, breaking up the offices of rightist organizations, staging parades and demonstrations. De Gasperi's centrist government, attempting to restore order by police action, blames the Communists for instigating the violence. The Communists on their part attack the government for its refusal to eradicate organized fascist elements which they claim have provoked the workers into acts of reprisal. Last week, in a stormy debate in the Assembly, the Communist deputy Giuseppe di Vittorio said, "The only way to avoid civil war is to suppress fascism and abolish its press."*

The following account of fascist activities by our Rome correspondent provides a revealing background for the events of the last two weeks.]

Rome, November 3

A FEW days before the municipal elections in Rome I happened to be in the Piazza Santi Apostoli, just around the corner from the Palazzo Venezia, from whose famous balcony Mussolini once enjoyed addressing the populace. A platform had been erected in the square, flags were flying everywhere, and a large map of Italy leaned against the side of a palace. Soon people began to gather around the platform, and as the notes of Puccini's beautiful Hymn to Rome came from a loudspeaker the crowd seemed to be moved by a kind of mystic exaltation. They were middle-class people for the most part, with a few workmen, many wearing decorations acquired in the war against the Allies. That was the mark of their patriotism, and everything around them was meant to remind them to be "patriots"—not only the flags but the posters pasted on all the walls in the neighborhood urging them to "Honor Italy," "Love Italy," "Work for Italy." A big banner explained that the meeting was sponsored by the Nationalist Movement for Social Democracy, whose emblem is the map of Italy. One poster said, "Don't abandon the country to hyenas and jackals brought into Italy by foreigners," meaning the anti-Fascist exiles who returned after the war.

The crowd stopped singing and began to applaud when Italy's outstanding nationalist, Emilio Patrissi, appeared on the platform. With the easy elegance of a skilful demagogue Patrissi entertained his audience for about an hour. He told them that they were right and everybody else was wrong—that the left would lead the country to destruction and that the conservative Liberals were scared. Nor did he spare the *Uomo Qualunque* front. Having broken with Giannini, whom he did not consider enough of a "patriot," Patrissi was bitter against him and his party. When his speech was over, the crowd again sang the Hymn to Rome and then moved to the Piazza Colonna, where another fascist meeting was being held, sponsored by the Italian Social Movement. Here democracy, the republic, and Parliament were violently slandered amid wild cheers from the crowd. Some deputies on their way to the Constituent Assembly in a building at one corner of the square were handled roughly.

It would be unfair to the Italian people to attach too much importance to manifestations of this kind. Still, it is significant that today a sizable number of persons are not ashamed to tell you how much happier they were under Mussolini. Something must have happened; at the end of the war no one in this country dared to admit former Fascist connections, and those who could not hide them took pains to give all sorts of excuses. The Italian people had taken Allied propaganda seriously. They truly believed that a new Italy was to be built on the ruins of fascism; they placed their trust in democracy. Rightly or wrongly, they now believe that the Allies did not mean what they said and never intended to keep their promises. Italians expected democracy to perform miracles, and when it did not, began to mistrust democratic procedures. Some of the parties formed since the liberation are ably exploiting this feeling. With the exception of the Liberal Party all the rightist parties are post-war products.

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By introducing the idea of the "administrative state," run by technicians only, and by denying politicians any role in it, Giannini rallied to the *Uomo Qualunque* many people who had collaborated with fascism and hated being reminded of it by anti-Fascists. Their argument was that they had worked for the good of the country and, not caring about politics, were willing to do so again irrespective of who was in power. This was not quite satisfying to the extremists in the *Uomo Qualunque,* who wished the party to save as much as possible of the positive program of fascism; they broke therefore with Giannini and under the leadership of Patrissi and others formed the Italian Social Movement and the Nationalist Movement for Social Democracy.

TO LEARN more about these groups I went to see Giovanni Tonelli, who claims to have inspired the Italian Social Movement. Now editor of *Revolta Ideale,* Tonelli had been a reporter for *Giornale d'Italia* until the day after the King dismissed Mussolini on July 25, 1943. I put the following questions to him and received these answers:

Q. Who do you think was responsible for the last war?

A. Roosevelt. His only aim was to conquer the European markets for American capital.

Q. You implicitly deny that the war was ideological?

A. Yes. The war was a consequence of the Treaty of Versailles and not of so-called Italian and German imperialism. Germany and Italy, being proletarian nations, had an ideal to defend against American and British plutocracy. Roosevelt's Four Freedoms were an infamous mockery.

Q. Would you have preferred an Italian-German victory?

A. Obviously. And not only for ideological reasons; also because I am always on the side of my country, whether right or wrong.

Q. What do you think of the partisans?

A. The rank and file was made up of poor fellows dragged into the movement by force or deceit. The leaders were traitors to the fatherland.

Q. What about the King and Badoglio?

A. They were super-traitors; so were the Italian speakers for Radio London and Radio New York.

Q. What do you think of fascism?

A. Fascism cannot be considered apart from Mussolini. He had an irresistible fascination and was able to bind the Italian people to him. Fascism was a great thing under Mussolini. There was collaboration among classes then.

Q. How much of Mussolini's Fascist program would you revive?

A. First, the cooperative idea. This idea is bound to triumph not only in Italy but throughout the world. It means no class war and a government run by technicians, not politicians, whom nobody knows anyhow. Second, its love of country: we must be free within our borders and get back Trieste, Briga, and Tenda. Third, its national dignity—Italy had great prestige under Mussolini.

Q. And what would you reject of fascism?

A. Its bossism. We didn't like to have so many *gerarchi.* Nor did we like restrictions on the freedom of the press.

Q. What do you think of Mussolini's last experiment, the Italian Social Republic?

A. It will be remembered for the "Eighteen Points of Verona," the finest social document ever written.

Q. Now that the peace treaty has been signed, how do you feel about America?

A. We still hate the British but feel kindlier toward the Americans. They are trying to keep bolshevism out of Europe, and this is also our aim. So far America has won a battle but not the war. The war will be won when Russia has been defeated.

These are the views of the fascist movement in Italy today. The present neo-fascism is the projection of Mussolini's eighteen points, and they in turn were based on his 1919 program, which he said the King had prevented him from achieving. Of course, today as in 1919, fascism must hide its real face. Should it proclaim aspirations to dictatorship, the government, however lenient it felt, would have to intervene.

The core of these parties is formed by the forty thousand or so Fascists released from jail by amnesty and by special legislation which was itself confused and was made more so by the benevolent rulings of the courts. Fascists sentenced to death for collaboration with the enemy were frequently freed overnight and given their old jobs; some even got their back salaries. Fascism has also attracted the embittered veterans of a lost war.

UNFORTUNATELY, the openly recognized fascist parties are not the only such movements in Italy. There are also clandestine organizations: some purely local, others with a central organization and branches in most Italian cities. Among the latter the Fasces of Revolutionary Action (F. A. R.) is the most important. This was founded on October 28, 1946, on the twenty-fourth anniversary of the March on Rome, when a proclamation in the underground paper *Rivoluzione* declared: "In the supreme interest of renewing the energies and efforts of all clandestine groups which have up to this moment struggled for the defense of Mussolinian principles, we are forming as of today the Fasces of Revolutionary Action." To obtain funds, F. A. R. members and sympathizers are subscribing to a loan called *Prestito della Riscossa* (Loan for Revenge). In Milan the F. A. R. works hand in glove with the local Democratic Fascist Party, which had an hour of international renown when it stole Mussolini's body. Its organ is *Lotta Fascista (Fascist Struggle).* Wealthy industrialists still longing

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for a Fascist monarchy are its chief financial support. Last June the police arrested a number of F. A. R. members in Rome, but a "communiqué" appearing in the clandestine paper *Mussolini* was reassuring. "The high command," it said, "has the situation under control, and the organization has not been affected."

Closely connected with the F. A. R. is another organization called *Squadre d'Azione Mussolini* (S. A. M.), which is said to be partly financed by Spanish Falangists. Milan is said to have sixteen such neo-fascist groups.

Many monarchist and Fascist generals boast that they head a "powerful" organization which at the proper moment will start fighting. The Anti-Communist Clandestine Army, which has connections with the F. A. R. and the S. A. M., is said to be able to count on 2,000 armed men. The League for Uniting Anti-Communist Patriots is believed to have large caches of arms. This organization seems to have close connections with the Italian Social movement and claims to get support from America. One of its leaders has declared: "In case of a conflict between America and Russia, the sole hope for us Fascists, there will come into operation a program reached in agreement with certain Americans: (1) fascism will watch the rear of the American army, preventing Communist sabotage by liquidating the Communist Party; (2) the United States will give us back Briga, Tenda, Trieste, and the colonies, and will fully support the Italian Social Movement. Our movement is made up 80 per cent of Fascists and 20 per cent of monarchists."

The Political Section of the police is certainly aware of the existence of these clandestine movements but does not seem much interested. Perhaps it believes they will gradually disappear as political and economic conditions become more normal. Or perhaps the police do not dare touch the powerful industrialists and high officers and clergy who are secretly behind those organizations but at the same time have very good connections with the Christian Democratic Party. Since the conservative wing gained control of that party, all rightist movements and individuals have felt encouraged.

It is interesting that the clandestine monarchist organizations are counting on fascism to bring back the king. Official monarchist organizations, of which there are six or seven in Rome alone, contain many former Fascists.

Movements with a similar ideology may exist in the United States, but in a healthy democratic society they do not grow strong. In Italy, still unstable and weak after a lost war, taking its first steps as a republic, such organizations can create conditions that lead to civil war.

Earl Warren—a Likely Dark Horse

BY CAREY McWILLIAMS

Los Angeles, November 19

GOVERNOR EARL WARREN of California is now officially a candidate for the Presidency and will go to the next Republican convention with the important California delegation in his vest pocket. For months now Warren has been holding open house in Sacramento for other would-be candidates, greeting each visitor with a great show of cordiality but maintaining an impeccable neutrality. It must have occurred to these candidates as they returned from the Sacramento pilgrimage that the principal consequence of their visits had been to enhance Warren's reputation. The thirty-five correspondents who accompanied Taft to California wrote as much about Warren as they did about the Senator from Ohio. In one sense Taft, Dewey, and Stassen have already run and been defeated in the West, for none of them succeeded in striking fire. In his role as the genial host Warren has neatly disposed of his principal opponents by simply exposing them to the intense light that shines in California.

In the scramble for delegates candidates can make reasonably accurate counts for the Eastern, Middle Western, and Southern states, but in the West politics by calculation breaks down. Here are the "free" delegations that will tip the scales. California has the largest delegation in the West, and in a close election the vote in California could prove decisive. Not only will Warren have the California contingent in his pocket, but his active support would probably carry the state for any Republican nominee with the exception of Taft. He is obviously the strongest candidate the Republicans could nominate for the vice-presidency, and he is also a likely "dark horse" for the Presidency. Should he fail to win either nomination, he would seem assured of the post of attorney general, which he is said to covet.

JUST what manner of man is Earl Warren, the outstanding Republican in the Western states today?

The question is a difficult one to answer simply, not because of any complexities about Warren but because the political background from which he stems, the kind

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of politics he has been compelled to play in California, is most complex, and only by reference to this background can he be understood. There are really no political machines in California, and party regularity has been reduced to a minimum by a system of cross-filing, in effect since 1911, which permits a candidate to enter the primaries of both parties. While a similar system is found in five other states, party organization in these states has been strong enough to counteract the confusion inherent in the system. But, for many reasons, party loyalty has not been strong in California since Hiram Johnson defeated the Southern Pacific machine, and heavy immigration has given the cross-filing system there a unique significance. More than half the Congressional delegation and two-thirds of the state legislators are regularly elected at the primary by capturing both party nominations. This has made for a type of free-wheeling politics in which every candidate is out for himself and, since he hopes to win in the primary, usually poses as a "non-partisan." The lobbyist has replaced the party boss or machine politician. It is also important to keep in mind that state senators are elected from districts divided on the basis of territory, not population, so that Los Angeles County, for example, has only one state senator. Liberal governors may come and go, but as long as this basis of representation prevails, the lobbyists will have a firm control of the state senate.

Seligson

Governor Warren

In 1938 the prospect for the Republicans in California looked bleak. Outnumbered two to one, embarrassed by an inept governor, their decrepit machine in a state of collapse, they were scraping the bottom of the barrel. Having failed to develop any new leaders, they decided to reconvert an old one. Up to this time Californians had known Earl Warren as a professional Republican politician—a stereotyped district attorney, a product of the Knowland machine in Alameda County, the man who had headed a Hoover delegation to the Republican convention in 1936. To the amazement of the people, this tight-lipped, unsmiling district attorney suddenly became the most affable of candidates for the attorney generalship, with a new smile, a new chuckle, and an eager if somewhat awkward bonhomie. It was during this campaign that Warren was first photographed splashing around in the Pacific with his numerous brood during the annual grunnion run in Southern California. Nowadays word that the grunnion are running is certain to bring the Warrens to Santa Monica for the annual action photographs.

Though he had been given a new political personality, Warren's performance as attorney general was quite in keeping with his record. He was the chief fingerman in the campaign to exclude the Japanese from the West Coast. Appearing before a Congressional committee, he urged immediate evacuation of all persons of Japanese descent and went so far as to say that the American-born generation, the product of California schools, was more dangerous than the alien generation. He also ruled that residents of Farm Security Administration migratory-labor camps in California lacked legal residence and could not qualify as voters. As attorney general, Warren was a member of the Water Project Authority, and as such he voted against a series of measures designed to carry forward the Central Valley project. Certainly nothing that he did during his four-year term as attorney general was out of character. He performed as one would expect a protégé of Herbert Hoover and Joe Knowland to perform.

IN FACT, it was only after he was first elected governor in 1942 that Warren really began to cultivate a new political personality. This he was, in effect, compelled to do, for his one chance of defeating Governor Olson lay in his ability to capture a large section of the heavily preponderant Democratic vote. With party discipline reduced to a minimum, only a liberal-appearing and "non-partisan" Republican could have won in 1942. Once in office, Warren began to impersonate Hiram Johnson and surprised many people in California by seeming to champion certain liberal or reform measures. But when his record is examined in detail, it is apparent that his new liberalism is largely rhetorical.

For example, in 1945 he proposed a huge highway-construction program to be financed by raising the gasoline tax. This brought the unsavory "oil interests" into the drama as sordid villains opposing a righteous chief executive. Raymond Moley, in an article entitled Battle Royal in California, gave a thrilling account of this sham struggle. "Not since Hiram Johnson's battles with the Southern Pacific," he wrote, "has anything like this been seen in California." But he omitted to point out that, ironically, the Southern Pacific was heartily in favor of Warren's proposal. With some form of highway expansion inevitable, the Southern Pacific was quite willing to saddle the tax burden on its principal competitors, the independent truckers. In this instance Warren had not "opposed the vested interests" in the early Johnson manner; he had merely isolated one lobby with the active support of the rest. But it was, nevertheless, a clever and perfectly staged performance.

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Today Governor Warren's reputation as a liberal in California rests largely on his advocacy of a compulsory health-insurance program, the one major social reform he has sponsored in his six years as governor. If he wished to gain a reputation as a liberal, Warren could not have chosen a better proposal to back; nor could he have found a safer issue to toy with politically. Of course, the ire of the doctors was aroused, but the practice of medicine is not big business, and the medical lobby is one of the less powerful lobbies in Sacramento. Warren "fought" for this proposal as he "fought" against the oil companies—firmly enough to give an appearance of advocacy, but not with sufficient energy to force a show-down.

Warren's current performance in the role of a latter-day Hiram Johnson has been so good that it has kept his liberal opponents in a strategically impossible position. It is difficult to prove a negative, in politics as elsewhere. For example, Bob Kenny found in 1946 that it was very difficult to prove that Warren had *not really* fought for some of the measures he had proposed. The appearance of support had just enough verisimilitude to seem convincing. A well-disciplined minority in the legislature might have forced a real test of Warren's sincerity, but the Democratic legislators, like Warren, are "non-partisan" cross-filers, each man out for himself. In less affluent times also a real test might have arisen, but all during Warren's six years as governor California has been enjoying great prosperity.

Where tests have come up, as they have in a few cases, Warren has not stood his ground. In his first speech before the Conference of Governors he expressed unalterable opposition to allowing Japanese American evacuees to return to the West Coast, and as late as July 2, 1943, he warned the federal authorities that another Pearl Harbor disaster would follow the return of a single evacuee. When the state Board of Agriculture, on the motion of Dr. Paul S. Taylor, adopted a resolution urging fair play, he promptly replaced Dr. Taylor and issued a statement expressing intense annoyance with the resolution. But by the end of 1944 he realized that race-baiting, of the political variety, was no longer popular in California, and he became an advocate of "tolerance" and fair play. At the first real test, however, he promptly welched. He not only refused to support a Fair Employment Practices measure in the legislature but artfully sabotaged it by urging the appointment of a committee "to study the problem." Later, when an FEPC measure was placed on the ballot as an initiative proposal in 1946, he maintained a profound silence.

With a record of opposition to the Central Valley project as attorney general, Warren surprised many Californians by appearing before a Congressional appropriations committee in the spring of 1947 in support of the budget requested by the Bureau of Reclamation, which included a request for funds to construct public transmission lines. But as recent articles in *The Nation* have pointed out, a serious power famine had developed on the West Coast by March of this year. When one realizes that private-utility executives on the West Coast also urged passage of the bureau's budget—executives who had been fighting the bureau as late as December, 1946—it is apparent that Warren was playing safe, conservative politics. On the crucial issue of the Central Valley project—whether the 160-acre limitation, which would force large land-owning concerns to dispose of their "surplus" holdings, will be retained—he has cannily said nothing.

During his first term as governor Warren tried hard to overcome the reputation of being anti-labor which he had earned by his prosecution of King, Ramsey, and Connor in the famous "ship-murder" case in 1935. He managed to avoid taking either a pro-labor or anti-labor position and was supported for reelection in 1946 by the state Federation of Labor. Shortly after his reelection, however, he was forced to declare himself. In rapid succession he permitted a "hot-cargo" bill to become a law without his signature and signed a bill outlawing jurisdictional strikes. Today the A. F. of L., with the exception of the Teamsters' Union, has turned against him. "Labor can expect nothing but opposition from Governor Warren," announced W. J. Bassett, secretary of the Central Labor Council in Los Angeles; "the friendly cloak of hypocrisy has been discarded and the true spots of the Republican leopard are now exposed."

ALTHOUGH Warren has not added a single major social-reform measure to the statute books in six years as governor, he has given the state an efficient and honest administration. The most skilful of politicians, he never ventures a comment on any issue until he has determined exactly where the balance of power rests. His statements are shrewd, carefully considered, and economically phrased. It is his practice to settle each issue as it arises and never to say or do more than the immediate situation requires. On the whole question of foreign policy he has kept completely silent. Having an excellent understanding of the state he governs, he has consistently avoided involvement in "red hunts" but has never combated any that were being conducted. Essentially, he is a very able conservative politician, not a reactionary. Unlike a Bricker, for example, he would not set the clock back; but he would never advance it a second unless he felt compelled to do so by a clear majority opinion. On the record the occasional liberalism which he has shown since 1942 must be dismissed as opportunistic. But as Henry James once demonstrated in a famous short story, the impersonator often makes a better model than "the real thing." Ordinarily this is true only in art, but in California, as Morrow Mayo has observed, sincerity, like virtue, is one of the arts.

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U. N. Box Score

BY J. KING GORDON

Lake Success, November 22

THE Assembly opened when the Dodgers and the Cardinals were battling for first place in the National League. It is ending as New York's first Christmas trees are coming out on the sidewalks. All that remains to be settled is Palestine.

As delegates are getting their reservations on ships and planes or making last-minute forays into the Fifth Avenue shops, they must be asking themselves what they have been doing for the past ten weeks.

On Friday afternoon Mr. Vishinsky, in a final sunburst of oratory on the veto question, took time out to list some of the Assembly's achievements—achievements in which the Soviet delegation took very little joy: a watch-dog commission for the Balkans, an election commission for Korea, an all-year-round Little Assembly to keep an eye on matters that might flare up and cause unpleasantness, a recommendation to the Security Council to consider again some black-balled applications for membership. All these actions, Mr. Vishinsky thought, had been attempts to pull the Charter out of shape, to make the world safe for American imperialism.

There were other achievements, of course. Eventually the three vacancies on the Security Council were filled; Mrs. Pandit's graceful withdrawal made it possible for delegates to view with good humor the replacement of Dr. Lange of Poland by Mr. Manuilski of the Ukraine. The Trusteeship Council was brought up to strength after some jockeying among the colonial powers, and a new trusteeship over a small Pacific island was set up. But there was no trusteeship for South West Africa: the Assembly watered down a weakened Indian resolution reminding South Africa of its obligations as a good member of the United Nations. There was the shocking emasculation of the anti-Franco resolution. There was the successful fight to defend next year's budget from crippling cuts. There was the allocation of $30,000,000 to the International Children's Emergency Fund—when $200,000,000 had been originally called for—and Chester Bowles's appeal to do the bigger job by voluntary contributions through the U. N. Appeal for Children.

It is not a very impressive record. I came out to Lake Success this morning with a young French journalist. The news from France deepened the gloom that had been building up in him over the past weeks. "The worst thing about this Assembly," he said, "is its effect on nations like mine. The French really believe in the United Nations. To them it was the one hope of the world. They are losing that hope. We expected during these weeks to see the rift between the East and the West, between Russia and the United States, made narrower. It has been widened." Then he said: "Both countries are basing their foreign policy on the same kind of false premise. Russia is counting on an American economic collapse; the United States is counting on a Russian political collapse. Both are wrong. From that kind of false reasoning only evil can come."

People will remember this Assembly for its political fireworks. The Russian and other Slav orators have been the most voluble, colorful, vituperative. In the warmongering debate, for example, their attacks on prominent Americans were so ferocious that their victims appeared by contrast to be halo-crowned pacifists. And it is just shockingly bad politics to put George Marshall in a class with former Governor Earle, or to link together Senator McMahon and W. R. Hearst. The same broad criticism may be made of their debating tactics on almost every controversial issue. Their talk won over the doubters—to the other side.

The other side, of course, had the votes: they did not need to do much talking. Thirty-eight or forty to six became the familiar division, with a dozen or so abstentions. But the Russians made a mistake in believing that these votes simply represented successful American whip-cracking. In many cases an American proposal would never have carried a two-thirds' majority had it not been substantially modified by middle- and small-power action in committee. The Balkan-commission resolution had the guilt clause eliminated. The small powers insisted on passing a resolution against war talk in all countries after a slanted Russian resolution had been killed. The Interim Committee as first proposed by the Americans had such loosely defined powers as to be wide open to the Soviet charge that it challenged the authority of both Assembly and Security Council. As it was revised, the Little Assembly resolution established a body well within the jurisdiction of the General Assembly. In fact, in all cases in which a majority vote was answered by a Soviet boycott the increased functions assigned the Assembly were well within the scheme of the Charter and were no more than might be expected in an organization responding dynamically to a changing world.

While the over-all picture, therefore, may not seem bright—and until Washington and Moscow lose some of their hysteria it will not be bright—this Assembly has shown a certain toughness. In the case of Palestine, where Russian-American accord was reached, it showed some competence for constructive international action. The United Nations is not going to collapse tomorrow. Nor has Russia shown signs of wanting to pull out. Morover, we have seen in the Assembly the emergence of a middle force devoting itself more to finding ways to make the United Nations function than to trying to gain a victory for one side or the other. The Russians would be wise to recognize this force as a war check, a solvent in a world hardening into antagonistic divisions.

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Del Vayo—Needed, an East-West Conference

FOR many weeks past we have been in a curious situation; one morning we wake up to read the report of some authority on foreign affairs that Europe is about to be politically overrun by the Russians; next morning we are told that the Communists and the left generally are in disorderly retreat. Confronted with such contradictory diagnoses, it is rather difficult to arrive at a cool, objective view. But I would like to cite just a few facts to reinforce my obstinate belief that Europe is moving in the direction of socialism, no matter how many incidental and transitory setbacks may occur; and that a rapprochement between East and West, if only on economic matters, is nearer than the majority of people think.

Those who insist the European left is in retreat seem to believe that a couple of papal pronouncements, a few injections of dollars, and some aids to reaction like the American attitude on Spain in the General Assembly will be enough to liquidate socialism on the old Continent. To this line of thinking I would like to oppose a single, in my opinion, more important fact. De Gaulle has won to his side in France the center parties and a large section of the worried, depressed middle class; he has not succeeded, as Hitler and Mussolini did, in winning a comparable proportion of the workers. The same goes for De Gasperi. In post-war France and Italy the workers have refused to respond to right-wing appeals. The present Communist-led labor offensive, the strikes and demonstrations, may be dangerous and strategically foolish, but a careful study of what has happened in Italy, for example, in the last two weeks shows that both methods and objectives are different from those of the left in the time before the March on Rome. Then the Italian workers tried, through seizure of the factories, to establish socialism by force; this time they are using force against what they consider a threat of fascist revival. Having once made the experiment of succumbing to fascism without recourse to violence, they do not wish to repeat it. The more enlightened of them must realize that to call De Gaulle or De Gasperi a fascist is a distortion, but they rightly fear, in the light of the past, any kind of Schuschnigg or Brüning government which might open the way to fascism.

This temper of the working masses is the new fact in the situation. Of course it is painful to see the Communists concentrating their attacks on the Socialists, repeating the same tactical blunder which in Germany led to disaster; it is little more encouraging to see so many Socialists acting like the old stupid Social Democrats of pre-war years—considering every battle won against the Communists a great victory even if the benefit goes solely to reaction. But even here one discovers a new attitude on the part of the Socialist rank and file, a determination to resist the unnatural alliance of Socialists with their rightist "grave-diggers." In France the mere proposal of a Reynaud-Blum Cabinet met with flat disapproval in the Socialist membership; in Italy Saragat, though he has not much of a mass following to lose, hesitated for many days before joining the Gasperi government.

On the second point, the prospect of at least a limited rapprochement between East and West, I feel justified in insisting that such a thing is not only possible but bound to come. The initial step in such a development would be taken on purely economic grounds, but with political repercussions sure to follow.

Paradoxically, the Marshall Plan itself, although in its present stage universally regarded as a makeweight against Russia, will tend to encourage closer relations between East and West. The decisive facts are given in the report of the sixteen nations, which envisages a balance of nearly four billion dollars in favor of Western Europe in its trade with Eastern Europe and other "non-participating" countries. The sixteen nations worked out their program in Paris after Molotov left and in full knowledge of the atmosphere existing in the United States in regard to Russia and its satellites. They knew very well that the idea of economic collaboration between West and East would not be agreeable to those who hope to use the Marshall Plan primarily as an instrument against Russia. Yet the force of economic necessity prevailed over political considerations. The alternative is clear: either the United States takes on the whole burden of financing Western Europe, or it limits that responsibility by encouraging the reestablishment of trade and other sorts of economic cooperation between the West and the East. And the moment you begin to build up trade, you bring Eastern Europe indirectly into the Marshall Plan; the barrier is cracked and the first step taken toward better political relations.

A healthy approach to the problem of helping and reuniting Europe would be to call a conference of economic experts from both the Western and Eastern countries to find practical means for applying the recommendations of the Paris report. It is not enough to be willing to accept much-needed Polish coal for the factories of the West. The production of Polish coal can only reach a level sufficient to take care of a reasonable part of Western Europe's needs if Poland receives from America the machinery required to increase its output. The Paris program assumes "the anticipated reappearance of traditional exportable surpluses in the U. S. S. R. and Europe." Only a few weeks ago, and in spite of the aggravation in the general international situation, France was asking Russia for wheat because the French bread ration was in danger of having to be reduced even below the present 200 grams. West and East are being driven closer together as hunger and cold prove stronger than political antagonism.

This idea of an economic conference including all Europe is not a piece of wishful imagining. Delegates to the United Nations Assembly last week were confidentially talking among themselves about such a possibility. It was suggested that the European Economic Commission might call it, in that way averting the political difficulties that would confront Secretary Marshall if he were to take the initiative in such a move while Congress was still discussing his plan.

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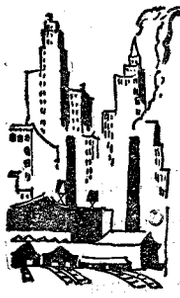

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Does This Make Sense?

A RECENT American Military Government report stated that while industrial output in most European countries had been restored to about 90 per cent of the pre-war figure, German production, taking the four zones together, was no better than 40 per cent of what it was in 1936. In the American zone the figure was around 45 per cent, but in the industrially much more important area occupied by the British it was considerably lower.

All plans, not only for preventing Germany from becoming an expensive slum supported by outside charity but for the general recovery of Europe, depend on the rapid improvement of these figures. Economically, Germany cannot be separated from its neighbors; in order to prosper they need both its products and its markets. As the report of the sixteen Western European nations on the Marshall Plan put it when explaining the lag in recovery during the past year: "Further advance from the levels of the autumn of 1946 would, in any case, have been difficult in view of the continued inability of the German economy to supply the coal and other products upon which so much of Europe's economic life depends."

Since the American and British zones were unified for economic purposes, the occupation authorities have striven manfully to get industry back on its feet. The difficulties they face can hardly be exaggerated. Fuel, power, and raw materials are scarce; transport is near the breaking-point; the monetary system is chaotic; malnutrition saps the workers' energy, and the consumer-goods famine robs them of incentive.

With so many obstacles to surmount, it seems strange that the occupation authorities should have conjured up a new one. Yet a few weeks ago they published a list of 682 plants in "Bizonia" which were to be dismantled forthwith so that their equipment could be distributed in reparations. Of these plants, 302 are said to be strictly war factories, and the necessity for their destruction cannot be gainsaid. However, there seems to be a ruling requiring the blowing up of such structures after their machinery has been removed. This surely is unnecessarily wasteful in a country already half-buried in rubble. Cannot any of these buildings be used as warehouses or for other peaceful purposes?

Three hundred and eighty of the plants on the list are doomed as "surplus" in the light of the new level-of-industry plan, which provides for an ultimate German industrial capacity equal to that of 1936. Among them are steel mills, metal-working and machine shops of all kinds, chemical factories, shipyards, and power stations. Some of the selections appear extremely arbitrary. Why, for instance, should the Henckel soap-powder plant be included when the soap shortage in Germany is acute? Germans, reports H. N. Brailsford in the *New Statesman and Nation* of October 25, are convinced that the reason is the normal strong competitive position of this firm in export markets.

The outstanding economic problem of Western Europe and of Germany is the fuel shortage, and a vital element in all reconstruction plans is the maximum possible increase in the production of the Ruhr mines. At first sight it would appear that the dismantling program will not directly affect the mines. However, Mr. Brailsford was told by a mine union leader that no fewer than ninety-seven plants on the list supply equipment—winding gear, pumps, conveyor-belts, coal-cutting machines, and so forth—to the mines.

The parlous condition of German transport, intensified by the drought which has halted river and canal traffic, is another major bottleneck. Nevertheless, Mr. Brailsford learned, the reparations schedule includes a plant considered so vital for repair and reconstruction of freight cars that it has top priority for coal and power.

Defending their policy, the Anglo-American authorities point out that they have drastically reduced the original reparations schedule of 1,600 plants. This downward revision followed the decision last August to raise the permitted level of industry in "Bizonia" to that of 1936—a fairly prosperous year. Consequently Military Government officials feel that the outcry in Germany about the new list is quite unjustified. Moreover, they claim that "surplus plants" have been selected "with great care to insure that a balanced German economy, capable of self-support and of making a large contribution to the rehabilitation not only of Germany but also of Europe, is left in Germany."

In a recent statement General Clay, American Military Governor, asserted that the dismantled factories will serve Europe equally well after transplantation to other countries. This argument disregards a number of important factors. Dismantling and reassembling a factory is an expensive and time-consuming operation: it probably means that production is stopped for a year or more. It also involves a large unproductive use of man-power and transport facilities. And when finally set up in its new location, with a totally new body of workers, the plant will very probably be less efficient than before. Russia's experience in the bodily removal of industry from eastern Germany has not been encouraging, and its policy now seems to be to leave plants in Germany and take a large part of their production as reparations.

Anyone advocating modification of reparations policies is apt to find himself accused of encouraging German rearmament and of wishing to relieve the Germans of punishment for their crimes. Personally, I believe there are better ways —strict control of imported raw materials, for example— of preventing German rearmament than the dismantling of factories. As to making the Germans pay, I am all for it, but I want payment in ways that will contribute to Europe's recovery, not hinder it. The dismantling program means inevitable loss of output from the listed plants and, what is more serious, dislocation of production in the interrelated industries which are theoretically untouched. An industrial complex such as exists in western Germany is organic; if you start to extract segments, you upset its whole balance. Countries entitled to reparations will gain in the long run by allowing Germany to become an efficient producer and then taking as payment a share of its production.

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In the Wind

WHICH PART," asked the Wind, shall we give to the Parkway Community Council, of Brooklyn?"

"What has it done?" asked the Candle.

"Scheduled a forum on the topic Must We Aid Europe? and announced that Earl Browder and Hamilton Fish will share the platform."

"Oh," said the Candle. "Give it a drumstick."

"Well, then," asked the Wind, "What shall we give Morgan L. Fitch, of the—you know—National Association of Real Estate Boards. Mr. Fitch tells us that 'our housing shortage is actually a measure of today's high standard of living.' "

"Give Mr. Fitch a small wing," said the Candle. "And some burnt feathers to William E. Russell, Sr., chairman of the board of the Lawyers' Mortgage Company, of New York, who told Representative Gamble's housing investigation committee that 'I was born in a substandard house, and I am not satisfied that we need to eliminate such houses.' "

"Who gets white meat?" asked the Wind.

"The editor of the *Transvaaler,* a South African newspaper," answered the Candle. "For writing this editorial: 'By an overwhelming majority the students of the University of the Witwatersrand have decided to ask the Hospital Board to allow natives, colored, and Indians to attend post-mortems. The European demands "separateness" while he lives. He cannot allow different treatment of the dead. The authorities must immediately quash this movement at the university.' "

"Don't give him all of it," said the Wind. "Save some for the members of a jury in Glenwood, Iowa, which found six men from Pacific Junction, Iowa, including the high-school basketball coach, guilty of a breach of the peace for protesting against the arrest of a young Negro. The mayor of Pacific Junction picked the Negro up on a charge of begging in the street. The six men, who happened to be watching, said it wasn't so. A discussion ensued. No violence. Peace is awfully breachable these days."

"Yes," said the Candle, "and so is the sanctity of the home. Here's a man called Henry Kappler, in Los Angeles, who divorced his wife 'because of her political beliefs.' Her friends, he testified, were members of the Communist Party. Then *his* friends stopped talking to him. What'll we give him?"

"Stuffing," said the Wind. "And gizzards to Hedda Hopper, who quips, in a recent column, 'Call Me Mister, the supposedly Commie-inspired play which starred Melvyn Douglas. . . .' It didn't star him, by the way, it was backed by him."

"And the part that goes over the fence last," said the Wind, "goes to Russel Porter, who wrote a piece for the New York *Times* the other day on Semantics—a Red Weapon, and somehow let this slip in: 'Responsible business men are agreed they must keep it [the American system] free of private monopoly and government control, *restrict production,* and . . .' "

"And a happy Thanksgiving to *you,* Mr. Porter," said the Candle with dispatch.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

THE OTHER ROBERT FROST

BY RANDALL JARRELL

BESIDES the Frost that everybody knows there is one whom no one even talks about. Everybody knows what the regular Frost is: the one living poet who has written *good* poems that ordinary readers like without any trouble and understand without any trouble; the conservative editorialist and self-made apothegm-joiner, full of dry wisdom and free, complacent, Yankee enterprise; the Farmer-Poet—this is an imposing private role perfected for public use, a sort of Olympian Will Rogers out of "Tanglewood Tales"; and—last or first of all—Frost is the standing, speaking reproach to any other good modern poet: "If *Frost* can write poetry that's just as easy as Longfellow, you can too—you do too." It's this "easy" side of Frost that is more attractive to academic readers, who are eager to canonize any modern poet who condemns in example the modern poetry which they condemn in precept; and it is this side that has helped to get him neglected or depreciated by intellectuals—the reader of Eliot or Auden usually dismisses Frost as something inconsequentially good that *he* knew all about long ago. Ordinary readers think Frost the greatest poet alive, and love some of his best poems almost as much as they love some of his worst ones. He seems to them a sensible, tender, humorous poet who knows all about trees and farms and folks in New England, and still has managed to get an individualistic, fairly optimistic, thoroughly American philosophy out of what he knows; there's something reassuring about his poetry, they feel—almost like prose. Certainly there's nothing hard or queer or gloomy about it.

These views of Frost, it seems to me, come from not knowing his poems well enough or from knowing the wrong poems too well. Frost's best-known poems, with two or three exceptions, are not his best poems at all: when you read, say, the selections in Untermeyer, you are getting a good synopsis of the ordinary idea of Frost and a bad misrepresentation of the real Frost (my *real*). It would be hard to make a novel list of Eliot's best poems, but my list of ten or twelve of Frost's best poems is likely to seem to anybody too new to be true. This is it: The Witch of Coös, Neither Out Far Nor In Deep, Design, A Servant to Servants, Directive, Provide Provide, Home-Burial, Acquainted with the Night, The Pauper Witch of Grafton, An Old Man's Winter Night, The Gift Outright, Desert Places, and The Fear.

Nothing I say about these poems can make you see what they are like, or what the Frost that matters most is like; if you read them you will see. The Witch of Coös is the best thing of its kind since Chaucer; I've read it to schoolgirls and I've read it to soldiers, and I've never seen an audience that wasn't so amused, scared, and saddened that it shocked them to have to wake up at the end. Home-Burial and A Servant to Servants are two of the most moving and appalling dramatic poems ever written; and how could lyrics be more ingeniously and conclusively merciless than Neither Out Far Nor In Deep, or Design? or more grotesquely and subtly and mercilessly disenchanting than the tender An Old Man's Winter Night? or more unsparingly truthful than Provide Provide? And so far from being obvious, optimistic, orthodox, most of these poems are extraordinarily subtle and strange, poems which express an attitude that, at its most extreme, makes pessimism seem a hopeful evasion; they begin with a flat and terrible reproduction of the evil in the world and end by saying: It's so; and there's nothing you can do about it; and if there were, would *you* ever do it? The limits which existence approaches and falls back from have seldom been stated with such bare composure.

Frost's virtues are extraordinary. No other living poet has written so well about the actions of ordinary men: his wonderful dramatic monologues or dramatic scenes come out of a knowledge of people that few poets have ever had, and they are written in a verse that uses, with absolute mastery, the rhythms of actual speech. Particularly in his blank verse there is a movement so characteristic, so unmistakably and overwhelmingly Frost's, that one feels about it almost as the Duchesse de Guermantes felt about the Frans Halses at Haarlem: that even if you caught just a glimpse of them, going by in the street car, you could tell that they were something pretty unusual. It is hard to exaggerate the effect of this exact, spaced-out, prosaic, truthful rhythm, whose objects have the tremendous strength—you find it in Hardy's best poems—of things merely put down and left to speak for themselves. (Though Frost has little of Hardy's self-effacement, his matter-of-fact, lifelong humility; Frost's tenderness, sadness, and humor are adulterated with vanity and a hard complacency.) Frost's seriousness and honesty; the bare sorrow with which things are accepted as they are, neither exaggerated nor explained away; the many, many poems in which there are real people with their real speech and real thoughts and real emotions—all this, in conjunction with so much gentleness and subtlety and exactness, such classical understatement and restraint, makes the reader feel that he is not in a book but in a world, and a world that has in common with his own some of the things that are most important in both. I don't need to praise anything so justly famous as Frost's observation of and empathy with everything in Nature from a hornet to a hillside; and he has observed his own nature, one person's random or consequential chains of thoughts and feelings and perceptions, quite as well. (And this person, in the poems, is not the "alienated artist" cut off from every-

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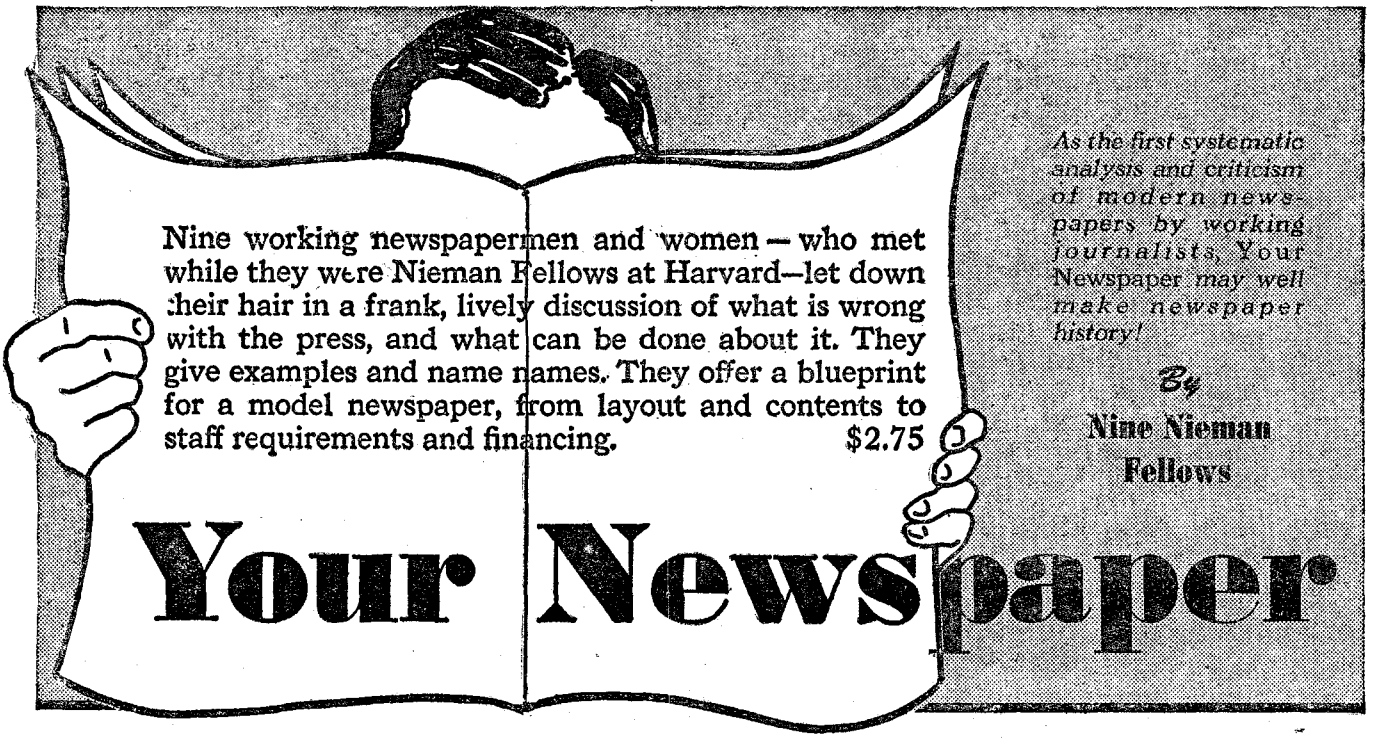

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body who isn't, yum-yum, another alienated artist, but someone like normal people only more so—a normal person in the less common and more important sense of *normal*.) The least crevice of the good poems is saturated with imagination, an imagination that expresses itself in the continuous wit and humor and particularity of what is said, in the hand-hewn or hand-polished texture of its saying. The responsibility and seriousness of Frost's best work are nowhere better manifested than in the organization of these poems—an organization that in its concern for any involution or ramification that really belongs to its subject, and in its severity toward anything else, expresses that absorption into a subject that is prior even to affection.

The organization of Frost's poems is often rather simple or—as people say—"old-fashioned." But, as people ought to know, very complicated organizations are excessively rare in poetry, although in our time a very complicated disorganization has been excessively common; there is more successful organization in Home-Burial or The Witch of Coös than in The Cantos and The Bridge put together. These titles will remind anyone of what is scarcest in Frost: rhetoric and romance, hypnotic verbal excitement, Original Hart Crane—Frost's word-magic is generally of a quiet, sober, bewitching sort, though the contrasts he gets from his grayed or unsaturated shades are often more satisfying to a thoughtful rhetorician than some dazzling arrangements of prismatic colors. Yet there are dazzling passages in Frost:

". . . So desert it would have to be, so walled
By mountain ranges half in summer snow,
No one would covet it or think it worth
The pains of conquering to force change on.
Scattered oases where men dwelt, but mostly
Sand dunes held loosely in tamarisk
Blown over and over themselves in idleness.
Sand grains should sugar in the natal dew
The babe born to the desert, the sand storm
Retard mid-waste my cowering caravans—
There are bees in this wall." He struck the clapboards,
Fierce heads looked out; small bodies pivoted.
We rose to go. Sunset blazed on the windows.

Frost has written, as everybody knows: "I never dared be radical when young/For fear it would make me conservative when old." This is about as truthful as it is metrical. Frost *was* radical when young—he was a very odd and very radical radical, a much more interesting sort than the standard *PM* brand—and now that he's old he's sometimes callously and unimaginatively conservative. Take, for instance, his poems about the atomic bomb in "Steeple Bush"; these amount to a very old and very successful man saying, "I've had my life—why should you worry about yours?" Sometimes it is this public figure, this official role—the Only Genuine Robert Frost in Captivity—that writes the poems, and not the poet himself; and then one gets a self-made man's political editorials, full of cracker-box philosophizing, almanac joke-cracking, of a snake-oil salesman's mysticism; one gets the public figure's relishing consciousness of himself, a surprising constriction of imagination and sympathy; one gets an arch complacency, a complacent archness; and one gets Homely Wisdom till the cows come home. Often the later Frost makes demands on himself that are minimal; he uses a little wit and a little observation and a little sentiment to stuff—not very tight—a little sonnet; and it's not bad, but not good enough to matter, either. The extremely rare, extremely wonderful dramatic and narrative element that is more important than anything else in his early poetry almost disappears from his later work; in it the best poems are usually special-case, rather than all-out, full-scale affairs. The younger Frost is surrounded by his characters, living beings he has known or created; the older Frost is alone. But it is this loneliness that is responsible for the cold finality of poems like Neither Out Far Nor in Deep and Provide Provide.

Frost's new books have few of his virtues, most of his vices, and all of his tricks; the heathen who would be converted to Frost by them is hard to construct. "Steeple Bush" (Henry Holt, $2.50) has one wonderful poem, Directive; a fairly good, dazzlingly

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heartless one, The Ingenuities of Debt; and nothing else that is not better done somewhere else in Frost. "A Masque of Mercy" (Henry Holt, $2.50), though no great shakes—as you see, its style is catching—is a great improvement on the earlier "A Masque of Reason," which is a trivial, frivolous, and bewilderingly corny affair, full of jokes inexplicable except as the contemptuous patter of an old magician perfectly certain that *he* can get away with anything in the world: *What fools these readers be!* Besides, Frost has long ago divorced reason for common sense, and is basking complacently in his bargain; consequently, when common sense has God justify His ways by saying, "I was just showing off to Satan, Job," the performance has all the bleak wisdom of Calvin Coolidge telling you what life comes to at 2½%.

The plot of "A Masque of Mercy" is as simple as that of "Merope," but it is one that is more likely to get Frost recognized as another precursor of surrealism than to get him looked askance at as one of Arnold's Greeks. A bookstore-keeper named My Brother's Keeper has a wife named Jesse Bel; one night Jonah—who, having forgotten both his gourd and what God made of it, is feeling for New York City all that he used to feel for Nineveh—seeks refuge in the bookstore; after a little talk from St. Paul (Jesse Bel's psychiatrist) and a lot from Keeper (a character who develops so much that he finally develops into Robert Frost), Jonah comes to realize that "justice doesn't really matter."

Frost lavishes some care and a lot more self-indulgence on this congenial subject: he has a thorough skepticism about that tame revenge, justice, and a cold certainty that nothing but mercy will do for *us*. What he really warms to is a rejection beyond either justice or mercy, and the most felt and moving part of his poem is the unshaken recognition that

Our sacrifice, the best we have to offer,
And not our worst nor second best, our best,
Our very lives, our lives laid down like Jonah's,
Our lives laid down in war and peace, may not
Be found acceptable in Heaven's sight....

To feel this Fear of God and to go

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ahead in spite of it, Frost says, is man's principal virtue, courage. He treats Paul very sympathetically, but gives him speeches that are ineffectual echoes of what he really said; and Frost makes about him that poor old joke which finds that he "theologized Christ almost out of Christianity." *This* is the thanks one gets for discovering Christianity.

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WILSON AMONG THE RUINS

BY STEPHEN SPENDER

EUROPE WITHOUT BAEDEKER. Sketches among the Ruins of Italy, Greece, and England. By Edmund Wilson. Doubleday and Company. $4.

WHEN an intellectual of the reputation of Edmund Wilson travels to Europe and reports on events among the ruins to a public accustomed to reading his excellent literary criticism, one does not expect him to write as an authority on economics or politics, or even as a trained reporter. Nevertheless, one does have a reasonable expectation that he will bring to the lives of human beings the same qualities of scrupulous fair-mindedness, sympathy, and cultivated wisdom as he brings to books. Moreover, one would expect that his reason for going into the world and writing about it was because he had something serious to say: and by "serious" I mean that one expects an intellectual who is not a political expert to endeavor to increase understanding between people, to defend liberty, to sympathize with human suffering, to be patient of small inconveniences, to have a certain humility when he meets men and women who are engaged in strenuous and exhausting practical tasks, and to realize that the most important need in the world today can be summed up in the one word *peace*.

I do not think that anyone who admires Mr. Wilson's criticism as much as I myself do would expect less of him. Therefore when I say that "Europe Without Baedeker" leaves me with a sense of betrayal, I mean by this that Mr. Wilson betrays the reader, betrays himself, and betrays the role of the intellectual in our time.

When Mr. Wilson reviews books, he has certain critical standards. When he reviews Europe, he has almost no standards except those which are improvised for the purpose of comparing an unflattering view of most of the Europeans whom he meets with a most flattering picture of the American as an innocent abroad. For example, he writes that Americans, in judging the English, have to reckon with a picture which they find in Thackeray, Dickens, and Butler—"the passion for social privilege, the rapacious attitude for property, the egoism that damns one's neighbor, the dependence on inherited advantages, and the almost equally deep-fibered instinct, often not deliberate or conscious, to make all these appear forms of virtue." Then, invoking Henry James in "The Wings of the Dove" as a fellow Anglophobe with Dickens, Thackeray, and Butler, he goes on to write of Americans:

> *We* find making money exhilarating, but we also find it exhilarating to spend it. Money for us is a medium, a condition of life, like air. But with the English it means always property. A dollar is something that you multiply—something that causes an expansion of your house and your mechanical equipment, something that accelerates like speed; and that may be also slowed up or deflated. It is a value that may be totally imaginary, yet can for a time provide half-realized dreams. But pounds, shillings, and pence are tangible, solid, heavy; they are objects one gains and possesses. And every good in England is bound up with the things one can handle and hold.

I am bewildered here to look for the moral values which entitle Mr. Wilson to claim that the English differ from the Americans in hypocritically making their materialism appear under the guise of "forms of virtue."

A great deal of this book is taken up with the kind of stories which schoolchildren tell about one another, told to Mr. Wilson by people working under exasperating conditions, which he conscientiously takes down. For example, L—, an American officer, tells him:

> In Sicily a British officer had been living in a castle with a local countess and levying a personal tax on every cargo of wine that went north. He was now in Italy proper and the authorities were supposed to have the goods on him; but did you ever hear of an officer—especially a British officer—being convicted by a court martial?

Of course, Mr. Wilson does not reply to this rhetorical question that he has heard of dozens of British, and American, officers being convicted, because he never hears of anything unless he is told. Nor does it occur to him that there

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are American officers—and French officers and Russian officers—who have lived with "local countesses" and done deals on the black market. In fact, Mr. Wilson must hold the world's record as the most innocent American traveler who has ever been abroad. One has the impression that he had never heard about anything nasty happening anywhere until he was sent to a ruined Europe by the *New Yorker*. Next L— tells him about the father of an Italian family, with whom L— has been living, who proposes that L— "should supply him with flints that the Americans were shipping in for cigarette-lighters for the soldiers."

It never seems to occur to Mr. Wilson that the depicting of the Americans as an army of Daisy Millers and Milly Theales marching out of the pages of Henry James to be exploited and corrupted by rapacious Europeans is an argument which cuts both ways. For any American or European who knows anything about the facts, reading Mr. Wilson's pages, could match every one of Mr. Wilson's stories against Europeans with one as bad or worse against Americans. For example, Mr. Wilson complains that the British once delayed his journey from London to Italy because his papers were not quite in order. Now I myself in the autumn of 1946 was given an order by a British officer to travel on the train that goes from Frankfurt to Paris. The American transport officer to whom I showed this order handed it back to me saying, "British orders are not worth the paper they are written on."

If everyone had the passion for petty recrimination of Mr. Wilson, and made no allowance for the fact that such irritation is really to be discounted as a by-product of the sheer misery of events themselves, we could have a war about such trifles. Indeed, in the concluding passage of an essay in fiction called Through the Abruzzi Mr. Wilson's irritation reaches a point of hysteria. This story is a sketch of two girls—one English and one American—who are working together in UNRRA. Of course the American girl discovers that the English girl has the heart of a blue-blooded codfish, and she, poor warm-hearted thing, cries out to an American major at the mess (he is kept in the rank of major in order that the British colonel can order him to make up a fourth in bridge when he wants him): "Oh, come on! Are we men or are we mice? Did we beat the hell out of these limies at Lexington and Bunker Hill just to let them push us around after we'd saved them from being chewed up by the Germans?"

One can best answer this foolish question by saying that considering that the British and Americans have been allies in two wars during the past thirty years, to ask it is an insult to thousands of American and British dead. In fact, the picture of friction between English and Americans presented in this one-sided way, if it does a slight service in describing a genuine hatred, does a regrettable disservice to a genuine and less publicized love which existed and exists between thousands of Americans and British who fought in Europe together. During the war I myself was a fireman in London with the English whom Mr. Wilson did not meet, and often we used to invite into our fire stations the Americans whom Mr. Wilson also did not meet, and in those meetings I do not remember a single example of the ill-will of which he makes so much.

In a sketch of life in Rome Mr. Wilson takes up much time complaining of

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the food at the hotel for correspondents, and he reports without irony a story of an American officer in the mess throwing an unappetizing dish on the floor as a demonstration. It is only when he goes to see the film "Open City" that it occurs to Mr. Wilson that there is something odd in this behavior, and at this point—inspired by a film which he might have seen in New York—the faintest note of self-dissatisfaction is struck in these pages: "How could we correspondents, drowsing and grumbling about Rome in our antiquated tourist hotel, have imagined that a work of such power, at the same time intense and restrained, had been produced in the Via del Tritone, where the prostitutes thronged every evening . . . ," and so on. It is still, of course, the film which makes him ashamed and not the people starving. If Mr. Wilson has now seen the film "Shoeshine," it might occur to him that those clever Italian producers, living among the prostitutes and the Roman excrement which he so insists on, might make a very ironic film of the journey of Edmund Wilson among the European ruins and without a Baedeker.

Finally Mr. Wilson pops up in Greece in the role of an international socialist, criticizing the British for suppressing the E. A. M., and imagining that like the American girl in Abruzzi he is "just an old-fashioned American who wanted equal opportunity for everybody and trusted in F. D. R." In his innocence he seems to imagine that in supporting the Greek people against the British he is just being an American. That, of course, is one of the places where he is wrong. I agree with Mr. Wilson in deploring the British attitude in Greece, just as I agree with him in many of his criticisms of the British character. But unfortunately his opinions are not connected with any fundamental values either for judging situations or for understanding human beings. Thus he completely fails to understand that the British role in Europe of yesterday is inevitably the American role of today, just as he fails to understand that the little hatreds between officers working in Europe are the result of a situation which one can only judge if one understands and sympathizes with the terrible conditions in which occupiers and occupied are living in Europe today.

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This book does not help Americans to understand Europeans or Europeans to understand Americans; nor does it help the best elements in America to join with the best elements in Europe to overcome the terrible European situation. It may slightly increase the prejudice of some Americans against the British, and it could not possibly do otherwise than increase the bitterness of most Europeans who read it against America, especially when they consider that Mr. Wilson is, as I have always considered, an extremely intelligent man. My own wish is to protest against it, as I have done here, and then try to forget it and reestablish in my own mind the respect I have always felt for Mr. Wilson as a critic. For the rest, it makes me feel more strongly than ever that intellectual workers do have a role to play in public events, but that the qualities required for this role are patience, understanding, and an absolute refusal to flatter the prejudices of people in favor of their own national systems and against those of other nations.

Parkman and the Forest

THE JOURNALS OF FRANCIS PARKMAN. Edited by Mason Wade. Two Volumes. Harper and Brothers. $10.

PARKMAN'S journals and notebooks, mislaid for many years, were recovered through the enterprise of their present editor. They had been drawn on sparingly by Parkman's early biographers, and Mr. Wade paraphrased and quoted from them extensively in his own life of Parkman, published in 1942; now for the first time they are printed complete. Mr. Wade has written useful prefaces for each notebook and thoroughly annotated them. They are impressive documents, almost unique in the view they give of a historian's workshop. In this respect they will keep a corps of scholars busy for a long time piecing together their bearings on Parkman's methods and results. Much of the material is fragmentary—lists of books and manuscripts; addresses of antiquarians, booksellers, copyists; bibliographical information from fellow-Americanists; memoranda for corrections; incidents of the Indian wars from eyewitnesses; notes on historic localities; thumbnail sketches of scenery; accounts of expenditures. The full diaries, however—particularly those of Parkman's college-vacation trips to northern New England in 1841 and 1842, of his European tour in 1844, and of the Oregon Trail trip in 1846—are extremely good reading in themselves as well as for the light they throw on the background of his work.

In them we see Parkman in the first flush of his grand design, ranging from Europe to the far West in search of what he needed in the way of experience as the scope of his project took shape for him. Before he was twenty-three and in spite of his Bostonian handicaps he had explored the oldest of human societies and the youngest in his quest. In Italy he sought out the institutions of Roman Catholicism and brought his trip to a climax with a stay at a Passionist convent in Rome. So on the Great Plains he was part for a while of a living frontier and drove himself through illness and danger to spend three weeks in the lodges of the Ogalala Sioux. This is "research" of a very rare kind—a polarization of all the faculties in the pursuit of a design that engaged to the fullest intellect, imagination, and a craving for physical adventure. The record of it is exhilarating.

The most rewarding of the diaries are perhaps the first two. Important as was the knowledge they gave him, Europe and the West were for Parkman only the circumference of a circle whose charmed center was the forest wilderness, or what was left of it, of his own Northeast. Here his instinct led him first of all, and to it he looked back nostalgically on his later trips. In these first diaries we find more than anywhere else the sources of what most deeply engaged his imagination. They are, so to speak, his Oregon Trail of the East. In the White Mountains, at Lake George, and above all in the Magalloway country, beyond the edge of settlement in northern New Hampshire, he formed the richest of the impressions of forest life that give such actuality to his history. The few days of his Magalloway excursions—both together came to less than two weeks—yielded an extraordinary harvest. Here for the first and only time he had the experience of

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forest river travel and learned its techniques; here he first slept in the open (he grew up long before the days of "summer camps"); here, on the second trip across the rough country to the north, he made the most ambitious of his woods journeys. The forest, not the Western plains, was his great, central theme, and he here came closest to its heart.

But Parkman's great project, early in life as he conceived it, was carried out only at a price. The path from idea to realization was for him a peculiarly thorny one. Under the surface of these early diaries is a sense of tensions only partially released, and what little direct revelation of personal feeling is to be found in them strikes a note of conflict and frustration. An entry in a fragmentary journal of a walking trip in the Berkshires in 1844 indicates a devastating struggle to repress a powerful sexual instinct. "Lee is full of factory girls. The very devil beset me there. I never suffered so much from certain longings I resolved not to gratify, and which got me into such a nervous state that I scarcely slept all night." A feeling of frustration is also evident in the sardonic comments on friends and classmates which color his diary of the following year, when he had enrolled at the Harvard Law School, at his father's request and against his own will. But the chief source of the complex of nervous and physical disorders that later overtook him seems to have been the conflict between the role he had conceived for himself as leader and man of action and the hardly acknowledged promptings of his genius as writer and creator ("holding the pen with the hand that should have grasped the sword," as he phrased it at the time of the Civil War).

Externally, Parkman's instinct for leadership was frustrated by the position of his class, exiled from national affairs by the Jacksonian revolution. Embittered by this sense of exclusion, he is violent in his rejection of attempts at social initiative on the part of any other class. Yet this state of being cut off gave rise to doubts, if not of the qualifications, at least of the capacities, of his fellow-Brahmans and himself—a suspicion of the sort of inner flaw which he later was to trace in the personality of La Salle, the character in his histories with whom he most identified himself ("too shy for society and too reserved for popularity, often unsympathetic and always seeming so, smothering emotions he could not utter, schooled to universal distrust"). In one entry of his law-school diary he notes "that remarkable constraint to which the presence of a person of inferior sense, acuteness, and energy will sometimes subject one far his superior." In another he asks, "Is a man a coward, because he feels less than himself in a crowd?" And his sketch of young Cerré in St. Louis has a strongly autobiographical flavor, as of a man recognizing his own traits. "Young, silent through bashfulness, observing all, feeling all, and constantly in hostility to external influences—though resolute and determined, acting ever under the burden of constitutional diffidence. . . . How hostile is such a quality to a commanding character. . . . Some men have a sort of power from their very vanity. . . . Others there are who, with many of the internal qualities of command, can never assume its outward features—and fail in consequence."

The conception of himself as a man of action died hard with Parkman. Of his role as artist he never doubted, because he never consciously recognized it. But the great project he embraced so eagerly as physical and intellectual adventure was to hold him to its purposes in a deeper way than he knew. Through fifteen years of agonizing struggle "the pen" finally established mastery over "the sword."

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Drama of Complicity

THE AXE OF WANDSBEK. By Arnold Zweig. Translated by Eric Sutton. The Viking Press. $3.50.

"THE AXE OF WANDSBEK" will surely find its way on to university bookshelves a few years hence as collateral reading for courses on Nazi Germany. Even a very Chaplinesque Hitler—perhaps the "real" Hitler after all—is seen on two occasions: once shrieking as he rushes through a room; once exhausted after a violent speech of denunciation and drinking a glass of beer. But these pages hardly belong in this serious and ambitious study of German political confusion in 1937 and 1938. As a novel, indeed, "The Axe of Wandsbek" is nearly destroyed by its massive probability, its inordinate patience, its high, serious intention. The characters not only drink tea and cognac but particular blends of tea and Martell cognac from a particular kind of bottle; in conversation they not merely adumbrate theories but exhaust them. The novel is perhaps 200 pages too long. Yet it finally persuades—persuades even the reader who thought such antiquated realism dead.

Arnold Zweig makes no real effort to

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explain Hitler or National Socialism, which appears only as a complicated swindle. He is concerned rather with the moral drama of complicity, with the nearly universal acquiescence in accomplished facts, with the daily rationalizations which could argue away guilt or transfer it to somebody else. The two parts of the book sum up, a trifle schematically, the intellectual's betrayal of value and the workingman's betrayal of his class. "Man is inclined, my father always says, to call his neighbor to account for everything he discovers in his own soul." The master-butcher Albert Teetjen—whose talents are enlisted as the substitute executioner of four innocent men—can blame the "reds" for all his subsequent difficulties. His pieces of silver are consumed in just a year, and even his fellow S. S. troopers demand their share of the loot. But the humane and civilized Dr. Koldewey, neither wholly corrupted by his reading of Nietzsche nor wholly saved by his reading of Freud, is a still more sinister figure. He is the silky "man of good-will" who argues—as in what country did he not so argue?—that revolutions have to be violent, and who long turns his back on what seems to him merely vulgar. Who in Wandsbek is not finally involved in the execution of these four innocent men? The army officer, Lintze, defends the execution as a lesson in military authority. The doctor, Käte Neumeier, pursues her troubled conscience by pursuing Teetjen, the simple ax-wielder and mere instrument of unseen powers—whose hands are always moved as by a divining-rod. The Koldewey children, devoted to astrology and jazz, were the infants of "Disorder and Early Sorrow." They can even use the ax for a wedding-party prank. Zweig's younger women are wholly unmoral. But so too is Hans Peter Footh, shipowner and rising opportunist, recognizably a degenerate Buddenbrook. For this is still, in some respects, the gray Buddenbrook world. Everyone in Wandsbek loves good food, cheerful family life, music, poetry, order and cleanliness in the home, excursions, flowers, animals—have precisely those affections which charmed the G. I. of 1945, and made him wonder how such a kindly people could have been universally traduced.

The Munich crisis, so immediate to Sartre's "Reprieve," hovers distantly over the last pages of "The Axe of Wandsbek." It is a rather astounding coincidence that these two frankly "major" novels, both translated by Eric Sutton, should have appeared within a few weeks. They are bound to be compared, as historical interpretation and as art. We are given, but nine years too late, the German and French orders of battle, the confronted energies and discouragements. In detail one must prefer Sartre's portrait—though it is as hard to believe that so many Frenchmen thought they were going to die in battle as that so many Germans thought they would never fight at all. The Frenchmen of Sartre's novel were indeed demoralized. They saw, that is, the subtle exception to every rule of their own existence; they had witnessed the destruction of each saving illusion; they were thrown back on their solitude, and on the minutiae of a still pleasant daily existence. Zweig's detached Germans of Wandsbek were not on the other hand *de-moralized* enough; or demoralized only by universal ambiguity. They were insufficiently subtle and had a terrible capacity for easy belief. And so they could accept the most obvious lies—lies about the Versailles treaty, the Weimar Republic, the Communists, the Jews, the oppressed German minorities. Few books have demonstrated more frighteningly than these two novels the gap between political reality and public illusion, and—a memo for 1947—the sinister quality which all highly publicized "innocence" of intention is likely to take on.

Arnold Zweig has a professorial affection for curiosa, and Sartre is of course a philosopher. It has been argued rather too glibly, however, that neither man is a true novelist, capable of escaping his ideas. For Sartre's illiterate shepherd, Gros-Louis, is a stunningly realized fiction. And so too is Zweig's master-butcher, who tries to bury his ax, who practices every day with his divining-rod, and who reads Jules Verne for information on the center of the earth. The true novelist appears in the dryness of this portrait: in the precarious but maintained balance of sympathy and detachment, understanding and disgust. The exile who wrote this book wrote no doubt from unappeased hatred, and in memorial sympathy for the victims.

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But he was sufficiently a true novelist to see Teetjen not as an S. S. trooper only but also as a baffled and beaten man—who wants very little more from life than it is reasonable to want (survival), who is capable of occasional kindnesses, and who has a very real love for his red-haired Stine. This imaginative effort, which must have been enormous, largely compensates for the vastly overextended realism—a realism only occasionally relieved, otherwise, by macabre and symbolic coincidence. So the extreme paradox that this Jewish exile's novel may well be remembered for its moving and even sympathetic account of a Nazi executioner's love, decline, and suicide.

ALBERT GUERARD, JR.

America in Pastels

THE TIMES OF MELVILLE AND WHITMAN. By Van Wyck Brooks. E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.

MOST readers are familiar with the manner and range of what Mr. Brooks now calls his "history of the literary life in America." "The Times of Melville and Whitman," the fourth volume to be published, is intended to be read as the third in the series. Taking up more or less where "The World of Washington Irving" left off, it covers writers of New York, the South, and the West from about 1840 to sometime after the Civil War and is vaguely oriented around Melville, Whitman, and Mark Twain.

What can one say about the book? Mr. Brooks's method is well known and has become a convention of his own. He has long since abandoned any recognizable critical function in favor of lengthy and tender exercises in nostalgia. As usual, the leading characters tend to dissolve into the cluster of minor figures. The prose is as lush as ever and as lovingly preoccupied with antiquarian detail. The result is not literary criticism, or the "literary history of the United States" which "The Flowering of New England" promised, or even a history of the literary life in America, but only Van Wyck Brooks's charming, gentle, and poetic fantasies, through which we may dimly discern the contours of the American cultural past. It is history by magic-lantern slides.

His method and his prose, moreover, have a peculiar effect of eviscerating the past—of divesting it of its dark and tragic strains and making it something graceful and innocuous. Thus, when Mr. Brooks writes of Horace Binney Wallace, he notes Wallace's essays on medieval churches, not his brooding anxiety over the rise of democracy in the United States; and the chapter on Philadelphia finds no space at all for the lurid proletarian imaginings of George Lippard. No one would guess from the serene cadences of "The Times of Melville and Whitman" that this was a nation torn by savage fraternal strife. The Civil War appears chiefly as an unobtrusive backdrop to some experiences of Whitman.

Our tradition, as Mr. Brooks sees it, lacks tension and tragedy. This recoil from trauma inevitably wrecks Brooks's treatment of his main figures. Thus we have a Melville almost indifferent to the problem of evil, a Whitman whose ambiguities are muted and denied, a Lincoln without internal agonies. The author of "The Ordeal of Mark Twain," clearly benefiting by a study of the works of Bernard DeVoto, has reconstructed his theory of Mark Twain's frustration along more sensible lines; but even this frustration appears to have largely a literary existence, lacking intensity, and Mr. Brooks's projection of it is genteel and diffident compared to Twain's black despair as revealed in DeVoto's "Mark Twain at Work."

The American past is neither this pretty nor this trivial. It has had its moments of heroism and of evil, of grandeur and of cowardice, of failure and of defeat. But the Brooks palette appears to have run out of everything except pastel. The cumulative effect of Brooks's ambitious design is diffuseness. The light radiates so evenly, the colors are so soft, that everyone begins to look like everyone else. Sentimentality, in the long run, can be no substitute for a firm intellectual structure, nor erudition for analysis. In abdicating criticism and ignoring history, Mr. Brooks has created his private dream world, rich and placid and ultimately cloying. The fact that its inhabitants bear familiar names should not lead readers to confuse the dream with reality.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

The "Slighter Gestures" of E. M. Forster

ABINGER HARVEST. By E. M. Forster. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

"ABINGER HARVEST," first printed in 1936, is a collection of essays which E. M. Forster contributed over a period of some thirty years to various periodicals. They are arranged under the headings: The Present, Books, The Past, The East, and The Abinger Pageant. As English, simple, natural, clear English, they are a joy to read. It doesn't matter whether the subject of the essay is a vaudeville troupe entertaining soldiers in 1917, Ibsen's Peer Gyntishness, Marco Polo, Forster's own centenary, or life as a game of chess; it doesn't matter when the essay was written, 1903 or 1935—they are all beautifully written.

It doesn't even matter much what he says, or at least it doesn't seem to, or at least it wouldn't be well-mannered to notice if it did. Forster is so civilized. He is so very much at ease. He doesn't at all want to sound important and imposing. He knows that the reader knows he is writing an essay. And the essay form seems to suit him as if it were made for him. He finds most congenial the easy relationship which the writer of the informal essay must establish with the reader. (The pleasure in the form is the pleasure in the relationship.) Of the reader's requirements, of his personality almost, he is always aware; in fact, he takes the relationship so firmly for granted that one feels he counts on the reader's understanding, passing over with a friendly smile if need be those tricks and trivialities of his own or of anyone's personality which he finds himself admiring or deprecating, and which he entertains the reader by presenting. And that's the wisdom of his being civilized. For behind the

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easy manner there lies the hard fact—and Forster's tacit recognition of it as the *only* way to get along—that the essay form has a way of its own of pointing up the trivial and the merely personal. But to recognize the danger is not always to avoid it, even if it is welcomed as a friend. There are the writer's limitations, too, to be considered. In many of the essays the merely personal, at times the over-concern with the manner in which something is said rather than with what is said, comes out transposed into the slightly arch accents—not the fault of the form—of My Wood. Usually the archness is heard when he is poking fun at himself or at others, as if to prove that, despite the way in which he and others may differ from or resemble the always visible norm of behavior, both are human. There may be neither wit nor laughter in the pages of *Punch*, as Forster says, but even with wit and laughter it's still *Punch*.

For all Forster's pliant handling of the essay form it makes one demand he does not often fulfil: the ability of the essayist to relate his sensibility to whatever he is writing about without turning it into a mere reflection of that sensibility. As cleverly and amusingly as he writes of Voltaire and Mme du Châtelet ("Madame du Châtelet was certainly a most remarkable creature—tiresome, but not too tiresome, and therefore an ideal mate for a very tiresome man"), the result is trivial, since he drowns the pair in his own lighter element. They serve simply as his "subject," as the young Coleridge does, or Keats's guardians, the Abbeys, or Gemistus Pletho.

Forster's own limitations are also evident in his views on general, impersonal questions, about which he either refuses to generalize or declines to judge on the ground of "no one can know"—that, despite the honesty of: "I am actually what my age and upbringing have made me—a bourgeois who adheres to the British constitution, adheres to it rather than supports it, and the fact that this isn't dignified doesn't worry me." Writing in 1922 about the new nationalism of India, after his second visit there, he says: "Would that I could conclude with a eulogy of it! But that must be left to writers who can see into the future and who know in what human happiness consists."

LITERARY TITLES

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But the best essays are another matter. In the essays on Howard Overing Sturgis, for instance, or in the one on Proust, his subjects are so sympathetic that he feels no need to "humanize" or "normalize" them. The well-known Notes on the English Character, written in 1920, and the best in the collection, is still applicable knowledge. In this analysis of the English character—really a gloss on the characters in his novels—the barrier between the personal and the impersonal disappears, and all the positive virtues of his age and upbringing unite to serve him in what is almost a meeting of process and product. The personal recollections and reconstructions of his Clapham Sect forbears are also delightful, as is the novelized series called Adrift in India. Besides, there is always Forster's wit. My favorite instance is this penetrating remark about the undeservedly ignored Minnie Mouse: "To be approached so often by Mickey, and always for the first time, must make any mouse mechanical."

"Abinger Harvest" is not, of course, important alongside the novels. But I do suggest that the basic limitations of "Abinger Harvest" are general. In the essay on T. S. Eliot (1928) Forster tells of his discovery during the First World War of Eliot's first poems: "Here was a protest, and a feeble one, and the more congenial for being feeble. For what, in that world of gigantic horror, was tolerable except the slighter gestures of dissent?" The slighter gestures of dissent—yes, fine. But beyond them? "It is just a personal comment on the universe," Forster says of "The Waste Land," "as individual and as isolated as Shelley's 'Prometheus.'"

The larger gestures, he would appear to say throughout his work, are impossible; if not impossible, useless, nothing one can live with, recognized and recognizable. Yet what about Forster's interest in the East? Do his larger gestures lie there? I think not. His interest in India and in Indian philosophy and religion is part and parcel of his personal limitations; it confirms them. Ideas are delusory and the larger gesture is negated, destroyed. "God is love" of "A Passage to India" becomes "God si love"; the answer to everything (not only in the Marabar Caves) is "Boum." The great negations of our time are common property; they also appear in "The Waste Land," and in Yeats's "The best lack all conviction, while the worst/ Are full of passionate intensity"—but not as the slighter gestures of dissent.

Now that the popularity of E. M. Forster's novels has reached the stage of a cult, which in turn has mustered the inevitable sturdy squadron of unbelievers, it is time to evaluate his work on the solid basis of its positive merits, not by the attribution to it of qualities Forster neither possesses nor desires to possess. By saying that Forster is limited, that his sensibility is limited, that his general intellectual scope is in no way extraordinary, I am not trying to belittle his work. Nor am I trying to belittle the "slighter gestures." They are the greatness of his novels; they explain the comfort his readers find in them as reader and character meet their common fate, the fate of middle-class individualism. Forster, as he himself says, is the product of the oldest middle class in Europe. And the impasse of that class is his impasse and that of his characters; its limitations are his limitations.

The novels present the great negations, the "lostness," of the upper middle class: the "undeveloped heart," the fundamental despair of human relationships, the separateness of the individual life, the inherited dreariness, the helplessness; and the courageous but impossible attempts to deny, even to understand, the negations, brave fluttering flights clearing the tops of the Victorian cannons, but leaving nothing in their wake save the poetry of the forced descent and the acceptance of it—and the altered consciousness of the flier. The vitality of his characters is as great as that and as small. Their depth is too often the depth of a pinprick: there is little breadth to the depth. And there are great expanses, expanses broad and deep, into which they do not enter, which they scarcely recognize in their self-constricted, untranscendable small worlds.

H. P. LAZARUS

Challenge of the Far East

DANGER FROM THE EAST. By Richard E. Lauterbach. Harper and Brothers. $3.75.

IF THE Marshall Plan for Europe succeeds as we hope, it may shift the center of Russo-American friction to Asia. The United States' post-war hegemony in most of the Far East has thus far gone unchallenged; if Russia is checked in Western Europe, it may be stimulated to challenge us more directly in Asia.

In any case, success of Marshall Plan aid to Europe will raise the question of similar aid in the Far East. Many may assume that a formula which works for France or Italy should work for China, that Japan is a Far Eastern Germany and South Korea a Far Eastern Greece. The more positively the Marshall Plan succeeds in Europe, the greater will be the danger of our trying to apply it uncritically to Asia.

Such a direct transposition, to the underskilled and overpopulated Far East, of formulas and programs developed for the highly industrialized area of Europe would be economically impractical. Certainly it would be politically unrealistic. The authoritarian tradition of Asiatic government is a far cry from the libertarian and constitutional processes of the Atlantic community.

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new book, "Danger from the East," could hardly be more timely. It is a careful and courageous dissection of our successes and failures in post-war Japan, Korea, and China. More squarely than anyone has yet done, Lauterbach poses our problem: if in our cold war we choose to fight Russia in Asia by backing reaction, we court disaster. The peoples of the Far East are over-ready for change. Our only security lies in helping and guiding, not in opposing, the social revolution which is overtaking the backward East.

This we undoubtedly tried to do. Our post-surrender directive for MacArthur in Japan, our policy statement of December 15, 1945, which inaugurated Marshall's mediation in China, were broadly conceived and vigorously democratic documents. Yet our efforts to carry them out have succeeded only in part. What went wrong? Have our failures been due to unforeseen contingencies, bad luck, or Russian machinations? Or does one cause of our trouble lie within us, in our assumptions and our fears? What must we learn from our post-war programs in Asia if we are to profit by our mistakes before it is too late?

"Danger from the East" tells a fascinating story and offers one observer's keen and critical comments on it. It is a fast-moving narrative, analytical yet colorful and full of incident, written with all the neat phrasing and telling personal detail to be expected of a former *Life* correspondent. (The author is now editor of the magazine '47. It is some satisfaction that the same far-flung domain which insidiously sets its weekly line for 26,000,000 bedazzled readers has given us another rebate, in the antithetical work of a former staff member.) Lauterbach conveys the look and feel of flattened Tokyo and inflated Shanghai, gives us sketches of the great (Hirohito, MacArthur, Chiang) and the small (Japanese farmers, soldiers in Manchuria, patriots in Korea); but underneath this running account he presents a substantial study of the various aspects of the occupation in Japan, summarizes our problems in Korea, and offers one of the first connected narratives to become available on the Marshall mediation in China. In an appendix is an excellent selection of key documents—Cairo, Yalta, Potsdam, Moscow, the Initial Post-Surrender Policy for Japan, Truman (before) and Marshall (after) on China. Successive chapters on Japan deal with the position of the Emperor ("from God to Man"), the position of MacArthur ("from Man to God"), the constitution, education, the political parties, problems of the Zaibatsu, the land, and the labor unions, and the Russian-American antagonism. The section on Korea is briefer (68 pages). That on China (120 pages) deals with the year of Marshall ("the God of Peace") and includes a first-hand story of a truce team at work in "Operation Dove" in Manchuria.

Within this framework of narrative and topic, "Danger from the East" develops several major themes: that our success in Japan, though greater than many anticipated, is not as real as it seems, that the old politicians still rule, the new constitution is ahead of the facts, industrial monopoly and landlordism are by no means dead or even weak, and Japan's post-war revolution still has far to go. In Korea our military government ("the Liberator's Conquest"), unprepared and uninstructed from the first, inadequately staffed and meagerly supported throughout, has made egregious economic and political errors. In China, while urging coalition government, we undercut our own mediation by continued military support of one side in the civil struggle.

From this comparison of American activity in three separate areas one factor in our policy emerges time after time —our fear that social revolution is the ally of Russia. Writing long before Mr. Byrnes, *speaking frankly,* told us of the hardening process which our policy underwent in the spring of 1946, Lauterbach as an on-the-scene observer notes the apparent repercussions: "The sudden mushrooming of the left gave MacArthur a bad scare. . . . When the trend in United States domestic and foreign policies veered sharply right, MacArthur stopped giving lip service to the progressive directive given him at the beginning of the occupation." In such measures as its support of the old-guard Yoshida government, SCAP really "declared for the status quo in Japan, dressed up with democratic furbelows." In the same period the Soviet-American Commission in Korea was reaching a stalemate, with AMG fearful of the left and often ready to suppress it, and the hope of coalition government in China was being thwarted while American aid to Chiang continued.

This record of frustration suggests that our American democratic values must somehow be applied to Asia more creatively, not through an "interpreter's government" as in Korea or through the local vested interests in China and Japan. In revolutionary Asia today we will find strength on the left of center rather than the right. Two things endanger us—Russian or Communist organization of a Marxist left; our own fear of Russia, Marxism, and revolution. The first we cannot eliminate, but the second danger is within us. It has already worked against us, for when our military men think in military terms they soon have us backing the right. As Lauterbach puts it, "the inherent danger of America's present position in Asia, if not in the whole world, is that we may force people to make a choice—which they do not want to make—between the American way and the Soviet way. It is dangerous to us because our way will be represented to the people of Asia by the Chiangs, the Yoshidas, and the Syngman Rhees whom we have at some time supported and befriended."

Our view of Asia today is partly a study in the psychology of fear. "Danger from the East" documents the theme that the scared men in the Kremlin have no monopoly on the thought process

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by which suspicion of an assumed enemy becomes the source of mistakes in power politics. If we are to build for long-term stability in Asia and not solely for short-term strategic advantage, we must support social change—but this can be done only on Asia's terms, not ours. This brings us up against the fact that some features of Marxism seem to offer more social results, among Asia's peasant masses, than our American way of life when mediated, distorted, and prostituted through Asiatic ruling classes in China or Japan. We cannot hope for eventual security in Asia unless and until we face this problem frankly. As we become daily more awake to the stark danger which Communist totalitarianism offers to our liberal individualist tradition, it is more than ever necessary to keep our perspective on Asia's actual needs and our own American emotions.

Mr. Lauterbach has performed a signal service in marshaling and evaluating the criticisms of our post-war programs in the Far East. As far as the rather scanty evidence permits, he indicates the Russian, or Japanese leftist, or Chinese Communist sides of the picture. But his main focus is on what our administrators and diplomats have done, how, and why. Some of his strictures may not be sustained by future historians, but most of them have been affirmed by other observers, whom Lauterbach quotes with care. The result is the most challenging survey of our Far Eastern hegemony that has yet appeared.

You can try this book on your friends. If they complain that it spends little time berating Russians and Communists, they illustrate Lauterbach's point. Our recent power in the Far East has given us great and golden opportunities to assume the lead of new social forces there. On the whole, we have not succeeded. If Russian-American tension increases there, our opportunities may diminish. We must study our record critically. J. K. FAIRBANK

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Paul Bunyan Fair

ACROSS THE WIDE MISSOURI. By Bernard DeVoto. With an Account of the Discovery of the Miller Collection by Mae Reed Porter. Houghton Mifflin Company. $10.

HERE, splendidly told and splendidly illustrated by contemporary painters, is the story of the mountain men, the fur-trappers and traders who filtered through the vast region along the upper Missouri and the Rockies beyond, exploring it and preparing the way for the settlers who made the United States a continental nation. This story flows out of Mr. DeVoto's deep interest in the opening of his native West—an interest already reflected in his "Mark Twain's America" and "The Year of Decision"—and so it commands not only all his thoroughness as a historian but also all his enthusiasm and skill as a writer.

"Across the Wide Missouri" covers the years 1832-38, which saw the climax and rapid decline of the fur trade—a trade chiefly in beaver pelts to be made into felt for Eastern and European hatters. It is an account of the ruthless effort of Astor's American Fur Company—the trust—to monopolize the trade. Pierre Chouteau, Jr., Astor's St. Louis partner and generalissimo in this war, minced no words about this objective. His standing order was, *Ecraser toute opposition.* And opposition there was—from the Rocky Mountain Fur Company of St. Louis, whose men were better acquainted with the mountains than were the employees of the trust, and from lesser partnerships and such adventurers as Nathaniel Wyeth, the Cambridge business man. The trust won in the end, but by the time it did there were few beavers left and almost no demand for their pelts.

These few years covered a wide canvass. To fill in its rich details Mr. DeVoto has organized his story along the lines of trips made into the West with mountain men by two European veterans of the Napoleonic wars. One was Captain William Drummond Stewart, who took with him the Baltimore artist, Alfred Jacob Miller, so that his castle in Scotland might be filled with pictures of the land in which he had adventured. The other was Maximilian, Prince of Wied-Neuwied, full of scientific curiosity and eager for specimens of every variety. The prince, too, was accompanied by a painter, Charles Bodmer. There are ninety-six pages of reproductions of the sketches by these artists and by George Catlin—thirty-two pages in full color—to round out the story. They are faithful pictorial reportage of the utmost historical interest.

Stewart went with the Rocky Mountain Fur Company brigades overland to the Platte, the Sweetwater, and South Pass in Wyoming. Maximilian boarded the Astor company's steamer Yellowstone for its struggle up the river from St. Louis to the big company post, Fort Union. The trust sought to do most of its business at such permanent locations; the opposition, however, pressed more deeply into the mountain country, holding a periodic trading rendezvous from which it sent furs back to St. Louis by pack train. But in this struggle there was no stubborn adherence to a set pattern. There was always a race to be first on the scene. No device—whether it was ruinously outbidding a rival or stirring up Indians against him—was left untried. Shrewdest of all under these circumstances probably was the St. Louis firm of Sublette and Campbell, which early confined itself to purveying and transport. But after its original owners sold out, it was soon absorbed by the monopolists.

It was a versatile crew that played out this game in the wilderness—Jim Bridger, Tom Fitzpatrick, Joe Walker, Vasques, the Sublettes, Joe Meek, Bonneville—on leave from the army and probably under orders to spy on the British in Oregon—and others to whose names Mr. DeVoto gives the prominence they deserve in American history. These men were amazingly adapted to a horse-and-buffalo economy. They were expert explorers and astute diplomats in dealing with the Indians—the Sioux, Pawnees, Cheyennes, Flatheads, Gros Ventres, Blackfeet, Nez Perces. They were hardy roisterers and above all men who found deep satisfaction in their rugged way of life. It is well that they were infatuated with plain and mountain, for, with the

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exception of the "free traders," they were forever in debt to their employers, and their ultimate reward usually was bankruptcy.

The backers of the trade, however, accumulated princely fortunes, and no wonder. They generally marked up prices about 2,000 per cent. They sold coarse cloth for $10 a yard and fine cloth for $20, although domestic calicoes were worth only 14 cents a yard in St. Louis, and French calicoes from 20 to 35 cents. In St. Louis coffee brought 15 cents a pound wholesale, sugar 9 cents, and flour 2 cents. All three were sold at a rendezvous for $2 a pound. Whiskey was forbidden by the government, but it was a leading item in the trade. The stuff sold was no more than raw alcohol diluted with river water. Alcohol was worth 15 cents a gallon in St. Louis, but firewater brought several dollars a pint in the West—and the more a man bought the thinner it was likely to be. Except when the trust wanted to keep furs out of the opposition's hands at all costs, this pricing policy was reversed when it came to buying the trappers' pelts.

The rendezvous, however, was—as Mr. DeVoto calls it—a Paul Bunyan's fair. The mountain men sauntered between booths full of tempting merchandise. Whole villages of garishly bedizened Indians arrived like so many sections of a circus parade. They as well as the trappers and traders engaged in noisy feats of skill. There was gambling all over the place, the Indians, men and women, being fantastically addicted to it. And whiskey. And squaws. And fights. And the trapper would remember not always in time that he needed an outfit for the next year—a horse, clothing, powder, lead, traps, tobacco, beads, scalpers, and other trading items.

Whatever his economic fate, the mountain man was not pathetic. Joe Walker led a party across the last mountain range into warm and opulent California. The men were welcomed by the mission friars and the señoritas. Their tables were set with the lush abundance of that sunny land. They were offered high pay for their skill in carpentry and other crafts. Yet after a few months of luxury the men turned their backs on it and headed again into the Rockies. Perhaps they had a sense of destiny. Perhaps they realized that they had to put an end to all the silly Eastern talk about wild deserts, salt mountains, and Welsh Indians. Perhaps they knew what role they were playing. But they must have had a doubt or two when they saw the ravages of cholera and smallpox, the Indians dying and changing, the fur trade so depressed that they had to hire out as guides to quarreling missionaries on the Oregon Trail.

Still, the story of the life and times of the mountain men is romantic, thrilling, and important. It should live long in this book which Mr. DeVoto has written with such obvious gusto.

ERNEST KIRSCHTEN

The Rivals

THE UNITED STATES AND RUSSIA. By Vera Micheles Dean. Harvard University Press. $3.

THIS handy and readable volume in the series The American Foreign Policy Library provides up-to-date material for understanding Russia and Soviet policies. There are tables on Russo-American trade, a bibliography, and an index.

The link with the United States in the title is demonstrated more by way of parallels than by analysis of relations between the two. I miss the significant parallel between the slow and reluctant emergence of the United States from an isolationist position in regard to international administrative unions and the reluctance of the Soviet government to participate in what we now call specialized agencies of the United Nations.

The book describes Soviet planning along familiar lines. An elaboration of the inflation theme, mentioned on page 119 but not in the index, would have added interest and realism. If the bibliography had included periodical articles, serious references on the subject would not be wanting.

Mrs. Dean is diligent in seeking constructive elements in Soviet foreign policy. Useful as this may be for purposes of sympathetic exposition, nobody will be pleased by the remark on pages 205-06 that "Russia itself invaded Finland in 1939 on the ground that that country was to have served as a base for German attack on Russian territory." A broader approach in her chapter on The Atom Bomb and the Veto would have brought to light areas of agreement between ourselves and the Soviet delegation—for instance, on a working definition of aggression as conceded in the Soviet recommendations of February 18 last. Concentrating on the veto angle, Mrs. Dean misses an implicit answer to her plea at the end for "some adjustment, if not reconciliation, between two rival economic systems."

BJARNE BRAATOY

Drama Note

REVIVED after nineteen years, St. John Irvine's "The First Mrs. Fraser" (Shubert Theater) makes a pleasant enough little play which serves as an occasion for Jane Cowl to give a characteristic performance. Two decades is not, however, quite long enough to mature even a period piece, much less a classic, and I have serious doubts whether this particular play will ever be either. In its own day its special tone of half-moralistic, half bantering concern with the problem of multiple divorce no doubt seemed just right, but in order to last, the play should have

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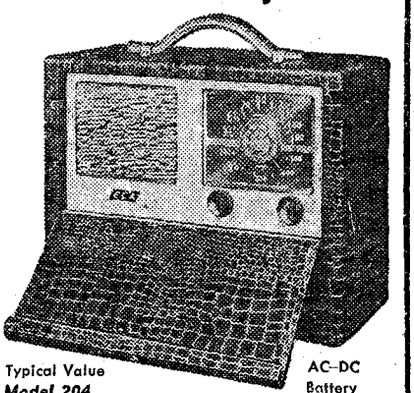

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been either less serious or more so. In 1947 it seems neither especially funny nor especially searching. Henry Daniell does very well a difficult job with the humorless Scotch hero, but the more convincingly he plays, the harder it is to believe that Miss Cowl would want him back or to consider the fact that she gets him a happy ending. He seems to be one of those exasperatingly solemn egotists whom only a Barry heroine could love, and that is perhaps the reason why his wife is, indeed, a bit Barryish. Frances Tannehill does very nicely as a particularly unlikable representative of what was the younger generation during the late twenties, and Reginald Mason gives one of his characteristically suave performances as a bachelor who has spent most of his life unsuccessfully proposing to Mrs. Fraser whenever she was not married to the first and only Mr.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Records

B. H. HAGGIN

SOME of the kind of music by Stravinsky in which I used to hear only "expertly contrived aridity and ugliness" I have recently begun to find interesting and enjoyable—and nobody could be more surprised at this than myself. Trying to account for it I think that one of the factors was the Balanchine choreography for "Danses Concertantes," which was like the additional line of counterpoint that completes a musical texture and gives it the significance it lacked without such completion: when I heard another work I heard it with what such a Balanchine counterpoint would have imparted to it. Another factor was the score of "Le Baiser de la fée," which, even without what Balanchine imparted to it, had seemed to me years ago to be an unusually beautiful result of Stravinskyan manipulation of materials borrowed from other composers: now I was struck not only by the beauty of what Stravinsky contrived with Tchaikovsky's materials, but with its direct expressiveness, something almost unique in Stravinsky's music, which I could recall in only one other work, "The Firebird"; and I was fascinated by the way the beautiful and expressive details were contrived—which is to say by the operation of Stravinsky's mind. It was this operation of his mind that I began to be aware of, interested, fascinated, and amused by, in the *ostinato* figures and rhythms, the perverse accents, the distorted melodies, the strident harmonies and sonorities in "Danses Concertantes," the Symphony in Three Movements, and now the Dumbarton Oaks Concerto recorded by Stravinsky with a chamber orchestra headed by Alexander Schneider for Keynote (Set DM-I; $3.85, on vinylite). That mind is evident in the powerfully controlled performance, the sound of which on the records is spaced out, clear, hard, and bright, except on side 3, where it is made fuzzy by the bad surface (a second copy had noisy surfaces throughout).

On a single record (K-2003; $1.75, on vinylite) Keynote offers Vivaldi's beautiful Concerto Grosso in D minor in its original form, for two solo violins and solo cello and a small group of strings. The performance led by Alexander Schneider—with Schneider, Eddie Bachman, and Bernard Greenhouse as the solo group—is very fine, except that the *Largo* is played *Andantino,* presumably to get the work on one record. Its recorded sound is spaced out and clear, but not natural and pleasant.

It may be that some day I will have the same experience with Bartok's music as I have had with Stravinksy's; but it hasn't happened yet, and my mind still cannot follow where his goes in his major works. But the piano pieces in Vox's memorial album (Set 625; $5.25, on vinylite)—"Bear Dance," "Evening in Transylvania," and fifteen pieces from the collection "For Children"—all derived from Hungarian folk music, are intelligible, and sometimes engaging, but sometimes too burdened with the modernism of the arrangement. The records, processed from the recording of a broadcast by Bartok himself, reproduce his performances with clarity and good sound; their surfaces are not entirely quiet.

Beethoven's Great Fugue Opus 133, his original conclusion for the Quartet Opus 130, is a work in which also my mind cannot always follow where Beethoven's goes, but in which there are some wonderful moments. Musicraft has issued an excellent and well-reproduced performance by the Kroll Quartet (Set 73; $2.85); but the records sent to me are very noisy and badly warped.

Musicraft also offers the fine A Minor Violin Concerto of Bach, played by

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Roman Totenberg with a small group of strings (Set 78; $2.85). The ensemble performance is very good; and so is Totenberg's own playing in it, even with its occasional defects of tone. The recorded sound is a little coarse with the Astatic QT-J pickup, but quite good with the Brush PL-20; and the surfaces again are very noisy.

And another Musicraft set (84; $3.85) offers harpsichord music—Rameau's charming "La Poule" and a not especially interesting Gavotte and Variations from his Suite in A Minor, Couperin's charming "Le Tic-toc-choc" and the occasionally engaging "Les Fastes de la grande et ancienne Ménestrandise"—played by Sylvia Marlowe. Miss Marlowe doesn't pound her instrument as she did in the Scarlatti set; but that means her playing is stodgy and dull. The records again are very noisy; and one is so badly warped that the QT-J cannot track—which the PL-20 manages to do.

The more normal Marlowe hammered-out spectacular sonority and nervous excitement in full blast spoil what should have been an outstanding set: the Gramophone Shop's of eight Suites of Purcell ($11.50, on vinylite).

Leonard Bernstein's music for Jerome Robbins's "Facsimile," which he has recorded for RCA Victor (Set 1142; $3), is not worth listening to apart from the ballet. The performance is well reproduced; surfaces are noisy with the QT-J, but not with the PL-20.

The Brazilian piano music recorded by Novaes for Columbia (Set 692; $3.75) is a series of little and light pieces—arrangements of folk-songs by Villa-Lobos, Pinto's "Memories of Childhood," a Toccata by Guarnieri—which get to be tiresome. Her performances are charming and are well reproduced.

The performance of Bach's Suite No. 2 for flute and strings that Reiner has recorded with the Pittsburgh Symphony for Columbia (Set 695; $4.60) is a sonorous large-orchestra performance, and a fairly good one of that kind, but without the sensitive inflection and inner animation of texture of the old Busch Chamber Players performance that the work calls for. The recorded sound is good, except for a slight sharpness of the violins, which is more pronounced with the QT-J.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Semantics and Revolution

Dear Sirs: I think that *Nation* readers, to whom democratic concepts of political justice presumably are not mere exercises in semantics, should expect a much more forthright treatise on Political Justice in Eastern Europe than appeared in the October 11 issue. It seems to me that Freda Kirchwey's muted alarm over "the mounting attacks on non-Communist leftists" in Soviet-dominated Balkan and Danube countries is little more than a whisper of the outraged protests *The Nation* should voice against police states which murder men for expressing pro-democratic sentiments.

Miss Kirchwey says she is unconvinced that such people as Nikola Petkov deserve to be shot, but she would welcome any "evidence" to the contrary, however post mortem. Meanwhile she points out that "Communists strongly advocate 'unity' among the left forces," and she accepts "as valid therapy the purge of those men who would, if they could, undo the revolution." In my book, at least, her "revolution" is the revolting process by which totalitarian governments by terror have been imposed on much of Eastern Europe.

WILBUR H. BALDINGER

Washington, November 20

[It would be comfortable to simplify events in Eastern Europe as Mr. Baldinger has done; to dispose of a complex social-political upheaval—following a struggle which was at once international war, civil war, and revolution—in a pigeonhole labeled "revolting process." Comfortable but not very sensible. In fact I would think that only a person insulated from contemporary events and unacquainted with history could so easily ignore the realities of the revolutionary conflict now in progress in many parts of the world.

I am not going to waste space correcting Mr. Baldinger's curious distortion of my point of view. Interested readers can refer to the original editorial if they still have it. But I would suggest that Mr. Baldinger, before finally dismissing as "exercises in semantics" views more "muted" than his own, take time off to read a good history of the French Revolution and perhaps one or two objective studies of the background of the struggle in Eastern Europe, Seton-Watson's "Eastern Europe Between the Wars, 1918-1941," for example. He might even read Rustem Vambery's "Hungary—To Be or Not to Be" for the context of recent events in that country.

FREDA KIRCHWEY

The Philadelphia Outrage

Dear Sirs: On November 1 I went to hear some speakers in Independence Square, Philadelphia. The meeting was sponsored by the Progressive Citizens of America, a group with which I am not affiliated. As I stood there waiting for the speaking to start it became evident that there were elements present who intended to break up the meeting. When the speaking began the din grew louder—so that the speakers could scarcely be heard. Lines of men forced their way through the crowd. One of them stepped on my foot and another hit me a sharp blow in the ribs with his elbow.

One of the speakers was former United States Attorney Francis Fisher Kane, a man eighty-one years old, known to many Philadelphians as a loved and respected citizen. As he stood at the microphone he was pelted with pennies and other missiles. One of the missiles broke the glasses of another man on the platform, and I learned later that the Wills Eye Hospital removed a piece of glass from his eye.

A man behind me said in a voice choked with emotion, "I was in Germany when the Nazis rose to power. I never thought it could happen here—but this is it!" A sweet-faced, neatly dressed, elderly lady beside me was sure that Communists were breaking up the

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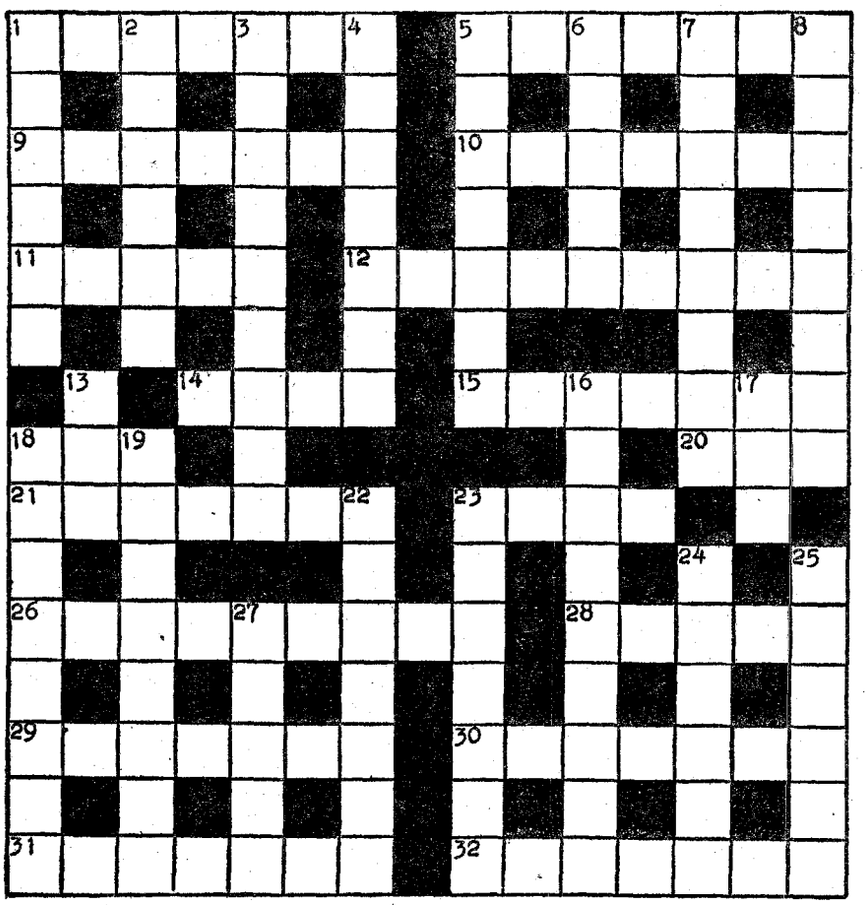
Crossword Puzzle No. 239

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Press it to raise your spirits. (7)
5 "_____ age and youth cannot live together." (Shakespeare) (7)
9 Expenses of indirect lighting? (7)
10 It begins with an indefinite one. (7)
11 A monster is headed this way! (5)
12 Press takes sides in the matter of the Constitution. (9)
14 One doesn't think it so splendid at court! (4)
15 Beastly, from bottom to top. (7)
18 He isn't subject to anything. (3)
20 Out of the stew? Out! (3)
21 Is this the price line we were to hold? (7)
23 Useful, but take it back. (4)
26 Announce your quarters on board. (9)
28 The proper kind are not commonly found. (5)
29 Wearing it like a god? (7)
30 Has made crestfallen. (7)
31 Engages in a revolution. (7)
32 Plights. (7)

DOWN

1 This was the way to keep a body warm. (6)
2 Sound advice to the gardener, as the tide does it. (6)
3 He knows the score of the first part. (9)
4 This finds us climbing over a pinnacle. (7)
5 Two fuels for one. (7)
6 Lost a part of the score on a low pitch. (5)
7 Rood. (8)
8 Up for a party, or down for a reprimand? (8)
13 Amidships. (3)
16 Sausage. (9)
17 Kind of butter. (3)
18 Weapon carriers. (8)
19 Dandy tube of paste. (8)
22 Runaway teams. (7)
23 Timothy hay? (7)
24 Don't leave a stone unturned after the barrel is tipped over. (6)
25. Iron out 12 after 10. (6)
27 Former French island? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 238

ACROSS:—1 CAMBRIC; 5 EFFUSES; 9 BULLPEN; 10 TALLIER; 11 CORRESPONDINGLY; 12 LOAFERS; 13 AUGURED; 14 SEATTLE; 17 BATTING; 20 QUARTERSECTIONS; 21 ENLIVEN; 22 IDOLIZE; 23 SADISTS; 24 ENSIGNS.

DOWN:—1 CUBICAL; 2 MALARIA; 3 REPRESENTATIVES; 4 CANAPES; 5 ESTONIA; 6 FILLING STATIONS; 7 STINGER; 8 SPRAYED; 14 SEQUELS; 15 AVAILED; 16 ERRANDS; 17 BEELINE; 18 IRONING; 19 GASKETS.

meeting—she had heard that Communists did such dreadful things.

But it soon became evident that the disturbers of the peace were quite a different group. The Order of the Purple Heart announced itself, and the American Legion insignia were in evidence on a large piece of noise-making apparatus.

Apparently there are some people who do not realize that when they destroy free speech for someone else they destroy it for themselves also, who do not realize that when they destroy free speech they destroy democracy as well. Why couldn't the groups that disagreed with the Progressive Citizens of America have used democratic methods? Why couldn't they have said, "We will allow this meeting to proceed, but next Saturday we will hold a meeting in Independence Square and tell our side of the story."

Even if the American Legion and the Order of the Purple Heart apparently have no respect for our Constitution, some of us plain citizens have, and we are outraged by this demonstration against free speech.

MILDRED RYDER

Philadelphia, November 3

Overstated

Dear Sirs: I am sorry that in the rush of compressing three paragraphs into one sentence I made a slip in my article on the Catholic Church and Education. I spoke of the "complete support of all parochial schools by public funds, as in Ontario, England, and the Netherlands." That is, of course, an overstatement, and the phrase should read "direct support of parochial schools," etc.

PAUL BLANSHARD

Thetford Center, Vt., November 18

CORRECTION: The sentence in Wilbur H. Baldinger's article Pattern for Union-Busting (in *The Nation* of November 15), which read ". . . Schwab, famed for his part in the Battle of Homestead in 1892," ought to have read ". . . Schwab, who helped prepare the Battle of Homestead in 1892." "Actually," Mr. Baldiger informs us, "Schwab took no part in the Battle of Homestead, as such. He was named superintendent of the Homestead mill in 1887 and set in motion anti-union policies there which subsequently led into the 1892 fight. But by that time he had left Homestead and was running a Braddock mill."—EDITORS THE NATION.

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